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PART I

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE





## CHAPTER I

### THE CHRIST CHILD

#### A Little One.

It was not that I cared for Thee—  
But Thou didst set Thy heart upon  
    Me, even me,  
    Thy little one.

And therefore was it sweet to Thee  
To leave Thy majesty and Throne,  
    And grow like me  
    A little one.

*C. G. Rossetti.*

**The Star of Bethlehem.**—Fra Angelico, that Saint of artists, in painting the Nativity, introduced the beautiful suggestion that the advent of the little child Jesus brought springtime into the world. This thought is copied by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in his well-known picture "The Star of Bethlehem." It is a winter scene. Mary sits pale and fragile with the Babe upon her knee, the earth is frost-bound, the trees are bare, and everything is chill and desolate. But round about where Jesus lies spring has broken out. Flowers are pushing their way through the frozen soil, and there is the happy laughter of new and

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

joyous life. In this symbol Art reminds us of what Christ's coming has done for the world. Wherever He went flowers sprang up, hard hearts softened, sinful lives were changed, and His footsteps through the world could be traced in its fresh blossomings.

**Small Beginnings.**—It is God's way to begin "small." He once started to save the world. We might have supposed that in revealing the terror of His majesty and the beauty of His love He would rend the heavens, and so astonish the world that they would only be beginning to forget about it now after nineteen hundred years. But He did not. He started with a baby in a cow stable. He could scarcely have made a smaller beginning. Look back. Look into that dark cave. A flickering torch casts huge shadows of long-horned oxen on the rough-hewn walls. There is no sound but the low crunching of the cattle as they munch their hay. There in the midst of them is the young mother, forgetting for the moment her discouragement and discomfort and sickness. For there in her arms lies the Babe, her baby boy, and about His face still plays the light of heaven, from which He came, and the unclouded purity of its skies still lingers in His eyes.

O little Babe of the stable, who would dream that thou art a King? Who would imagine that from that throne of Thy sweet mother's arms Thy power would reach down along the ages, overturning kingdoms, establishing empires, changing the world, and that even to-day so many proud nations should own Thee as their supreme Lord

## The Christ Child

and King—that Thou, O gracious Babe, shouldst be enthroned in so many faithful hearts, who would gladly lay down their life and all they hold most dear for Thy name's sake? Truly well did he speak, that prophet of old, when he said : “ Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; and the government shall be upon his shoulder ; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end.”

J. H. Denison, D.D.

**The Eyes of a Child.**—That which profoundly affects all those who regard the Christ Child in Raphael's “ Sistine Madonna ” is the mysterious look in the eyes, a look which seems to penetrate into immeasurable depths, and yet remains the look of a child.

It is interesting in this connection to quote a passage from Edward FitzGerald's “ Euphranor ” in which Wordsworth's famous ode is being discussed, and especially the passage : “ Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”

“ I have heard tell of another poet saying that he knew of no human outlook so solemn as that from a child's eyes, and how it was from those of his own he learned that those of the Divine Child in Raphael's ‘ Sistine Madonna ’ were not overcharged with emotion, as he had previously thought they might be.”

“ Yes,” said I, “ that was on the occasion, I think, of his having watched his child one morning *worshipping the sunbeam on the bedpost*—I suppose the worship of wonder. . . . If only the philosopher

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

or poet could live in the child's brain for a while."

(The poet is Tennyson, his son being the child referred to. See "Memoir," vol. i. p. 357.)

## The Lamb.

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright:  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee:  
Little lamb, God bless thee.

*William Blake.*

**Strength in Weakness.**—A century ago men were following, with bated breath, the march of Napoleon, and waiting with feverish impatience for the latest news of the wars. And all the while in their own homes babies were being born. But who could think about "babies"? Everybody was thinking about "battles." In one year lying midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo there stole into the world a host of heroes! During

# The Christ Child

that one year Gladstone was born in Liverpool, Alfred Tennyson was born at the Somersby Rectory, and Oliver Wendell Holmes made his first appearance in Massachusetts. On the very day of that self same year Charles Darwin made his debut at Shrewsbury, and Abraham Lincoln drew his first breath in Old Kentucky. Music was enriched by the advent of Felix Mendelssohn at Hamburg, while within the same year Samuel Morley was born at Homerton, Edward FitzGerald in Woodbridge, and Frances Kemble in London.

We fancy that God can only manage His world by big battalions abroad, when all the while He is doing it by little babies at home. When a wrong wants righting, or a truth wants presenting, or a continent wants opening, God sends a baby into the world to do it. That was why, long, long ago, a Babe was born at Bethlehem.

*Frank W. Boreham,*

“Mountains in the Mist.”

## The World's Surprise.

They all were looking for a King  
To slay their foes and lift them high :  
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing  
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot  
Naught but Thy presence can avail :  
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,  
Nor on the sea Thy sail !

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,  
But come down Thine own secret stair,  
That Thou mayst answer all my need—  
Yea, every bygone prayer.

*George Macdonald.*



## CHAPTER II

### THE PATRON SAINT OF CHILDHOOD

**Santa Claus.**—Every child knows Santa Claus, but not everyone knows that Santa Claus is simply an abbreviation of St. Nicholas, perhaps the most universally popular of all saints. While knight-hood had its St. George, serfhood had its St. Nicholas. He was emphatically the saint of the people. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner, the slave ; he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of orphan children. All through Europe children were taught to place themselves under his particular care. It was he who came in the dead of the Christmas night and filled their stockings with dainties, and to all childhood his name has stood for generations as the saint most devoted and most loved.

Of the innumerable pictures painted of the good St. Nicholas, perhaps the finest is to be found in our National Gallery in a painting by Raphael, entitled "The Madonna dei Ansdei." St. Nicholas stands on the left-hand side, a noble and dignified figure holding the Gospels in his hand. At his

## The Patron Saint of Childhood

feet there lie three golden balls, which are there to remind the onlooker of one of the most famous of the many stories connected with the saint. A certain nobleman had three daughters, and from being very rich had been reduced almost to a state of beggary, so he had no portion to give to his daughters, who wept, because being without dowry they could not marry, and only a degrading life was open to them. Nicholas, hearing this, went one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, and took with him a handful of gold. He did not know how to convey the money he had brought to them, but the moon passing through a cloud displayed an open window. Putting the gold in a handkerchief he threw it in, and it fell at the father's feet, and by this means the first daughter got married. A second time he returned when it was dark provided with a similar sum, and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. He greatly desired, however, to find out who his benefactor was, and so hiding, he saw the saint appear on the third occasion with another sum of money. Flinging himself at the saint's feet, he cried : " O Nicholas ! Servant of God ! why seek to hide thyself ? " and he kissed his feet and his hands. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

**The Feast of St. Nicholas.**—A characteristic scene is represented in a picture by Jan Steen in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, entitled " The Feast of St. Nicholas," where a family of children is enjoying the treasures Santa Claus has provided. The festival is kept in Holland on December 6th, not, as with us, on Christmas Day.

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

On the evening of the day before, the little ones hang up their shoes and stockings, and according to their deserts are these receptacles filled by the saint ; for the good children toys, for the bad ones disappointment. In the background of the picture, which is said to represent the artist's family, are the grandparents. The old man leaning forward with his hands on his knees watches with delight the joy of a chubby little girl in the foreground, who carries an armful of toys, and toward whom her mother holds out her hands. At the mother's side is a boy whose face positively beams ; you can in imagination hear him laugh. Behind her is the eldest boy with the baby of the family in his arms, and another little brother at his side. He points upward with one hand ; both children follow with their eyes the direction of his gesture, and from the rapt look on their faces we might imagine he is explaining how St. Nicholas drives in his sledge over the house-tops, and when he reaches the home of good little boys and girls he descends the chimney and fills their socks with all sorts of nice things. Ah ! the good saint, he knows so well the good things each child has its heart on having ! But this time St. Nicholas has overlooked—purposely perhaps—one member of the family. A big boy who has doubtless idled away the hours at school instead of attending to his tasks, stands by, tears streaming down his cheeks, and his knuckles pressed into his eyes. The laughing boy points a derisive finger at him, and the elder sister directs his attention to the birch-rod as his appropriate gift in his shoe. A spark of amusement in her face, and the beckoning finger of the grandmother, who is drawing aside a curtain in the

## The Patron Saint of Childhood

corner of the room, leads us to suppose that St. Nicholas has not been so hard-hearted after all, and that there is something in store for the delinquent besides this timely warning !

“ The Child in Art.”

**St. Nicholas Day.**—The festival of St. Nicholas, the Patron Saint of Childhood, is held on December 6th, and in some countries, especially in Holland and Belgium, is celebrated with great enthusiasm. The shops are full of pleasant little gifts ; many-shaped biscuits, gilt ginger-breads, sometimes representing the saint, sugar images, toys, and other trifles. In many places, when evening comes on, people dress up as St. Nicholas, with mitre and pastoral staff, inquire about the behaviour of the children, and if it has been good, pronounce a benediction, and promise them a reward next morning. Before they go to bed the children put out their shoes with hay, straw, or a carrot in them for the saint's white horse or ass. When they wake in the morning, if they have been good, the fodder is gone and sweets or toys are in their place. If they have been “ naughty ” the provender is untouched, and instead of a gift there is a rod.

*Miles*, “ Christmas in Ritual and Tradition.”

## CHAPTER III

# THE MINISTRY OF THE WEAK

### The Ministry of Childhood.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar :  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home :  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

*Wordsworth.*

**A Baby's Tears.**—"She saw the child, and behold, he wept." It is not too much to say that God saved Israel through the wail of a little child. All the after events, as far as we can judge—a people's deliverance, a nation's birth, started from this cry of a helpless babe lying in its little cot by the waters of the Nile. As the princess looked down upon its helplessness, and heard its weeping, something woke in her maiden's heart—something that is deep and abysmal in womanhood, born in her through all the ages of the world, something which forced her to take that little helpless thing in her arms and soothe and rescue it. A woman can resist many things, but there is



## The Ministry of the Weak

one thing that no woman can resist ; it is the wail of a little child.

Kipling has a beautiful touch in one of his Indian stories which reaches into the heart of all motherhood. ~~It is as follows :~~

A young Indian mother Ameira with her husband and her baby Tota are on the house-top.

"What shall we call him among ourselves?" she asks the child's father who has him in his arms.

"Look! Art thou ever tired of looking? He carries thy very eyes. But the mouth——"

"Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I?"

"'Tis but a feeble mouth. Oh, so small. And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away."

"Nay, let him lie; he has not yet begun to cry."

"When he cries thou wilt give him back—eh? What a man of mankind thou art: *If he cried he were only the dearer to me.*"

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."—

In Bret Harte's story entitled "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which brought him fame, he describes a camp of gold-diggers numbering a hundred men. One or two of them were fugitives from justice, some were criminal and all were reckless. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye. They were drunkards and gamblers, and life was so cheap that when French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other dead over the bar in the front room, the others calmly continued their game. Even in a district where a reputation for evil was hard to

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

make, Roaring Camp was famous for its crimes, and accepted as a place to avoid by all save those who had nothing left to lose and had forgotten how to fear.

Into that camp a woman strayed, gave birth to a child, and died. The child lived, and then the change began. In presence of this helpless babe rough men shed their roughness and became strangely tender. Dissolute, abandoned, seemingly irreclaimable before, unexpected virtues began to blossom. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin in which the little child lay was first boarded and papered, then instead of the usual untidiness it was kept scrupulously clean, flowers were planted around it, and a new sense of beauty was born in the camp, and spread to other cabins. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing of little "Luck" as they christened him. Profanity was strictly forbidden. After the day's work was over the men formed the habit of lounging in to see the little one, and to hold him in their arms, but whereas before they wore their clothes until they dropped off them, now no one was allowed near the child who had not on a clean white shirt, and his face scrubbed until it shone.

So the strange work of regeneration went on, until that camp—filled before with brutal men, almost dehumanized—began to bring forth the great, shining things of the spiritual life—self-discipline, tenderness and compassion for the weak, love and self-denial, and at last the sacrifice of life itself. This great and noble work, which, had it been attempted by other agencies would have pro-

## The Ministry of the Weak

duced only profanity, was silently effected through the tender and unconscious ministry of a helpless babe. Thus does God take the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and make the seemingly helpless things the agents of His redeeming mercy.

**The Ministry of Weakness.**—The Rev. Wilson Carlile, Hon. Secretary of the Church Army, tells a story of a man forty-two years of age, who had spent eighteen of them in prison. He never would work. His idea in life was to get into houses where money or jewellery was to be found, and for eighteen years he was one of the best-known burglars to the officials at Scotland Yard. Nothing would induce him to do an honest day's labour. Somebody, I cannot tell who it was, got hold of him, and he was brought to a Labour Home. One would have expected the very name to have frightened him away ; but though he came he would not work. He would not chop sticks, or do a stroke of anything whatever. The poor " Father " and " Mother " of the Labour Home did not know what to do with him. The " Father " half made up his mind that the best course to adopt would be to turn the man out, but the " Mother " said, " Will you let me have a try at him ? " He was a strong, burly, broad-shouldered man. With a good deal of hesitation, the " Father " consented to the man being allowed to assist the cook in the kitchen, so that the " Mother " should have a chance of seeing him. He was put on to clean the pots and pans and scrub the floors, but he wouldn't do either. He was noticed, however, to be looking often at a corner of the kitchen,

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

where the baby lay in a crib. The child was taken out and nursed. The fellow asked if he might nurse it. The baby was given to him. He stuck to it and nursed it until it was time for the child to be put to bed for the night. Next morning he asked for the baby again, and the "Mother" said, "No, not until you have cleaned the pots and pans and scrubbed the floor." Would you believe it? The poor fellow cleaned the pots and pans as they had rarely been done before. The floor was scrubbed as well as if the "Mother" had done it herself. Then he got the baby. The burglar got hold of the baby, and the baby got hold of the burglar. The man has ever since been hard-working and industrious. He earned money enough at coal-heaving—a pretty heavy job—to enable him, with a little assistance from us, to emigrate to Canada. During his last six weeks in England he was one of the most industrious, not only earning his own living, but in his spare evenings visiting the low doss-houses where his old pals used to go and count up their daily "takings," trying to get them "hook and nail" to the foot of the Cross, where he had knelt himself.

And was the supreme instrument a prison? No. A casual ward? No. Chopping sticks? No. But the love of God manifested through the appeal of a child.

**When Baby Strayed.**—God's concern for those who stray from Him is expressed in a fresh and original way in the following poem.

When Baby strayed it seemed to me  
Sun, moon and stars waned suddenly.

# The Ministry of the Weak

At once with frenzied haste my feet  
Ran up and down the busy street.

If ever in my life I prayed,  
It was the evening Baby strayed.

And yet my great concern was this  
(Not dread of losing Baby's kiss,  
And Baby's soft small hand in mine  
And Baby's comradeship divine.)

'Twas *Baby's* terror, *Baby's* fears !  
Whose hand but mine could dry her tears ?

I without Baby ? In my need  
I were a piteous soul indeed.

But piteous far, beyond all other,  
A little child without a mother.

And God, in mercy, graciously  
Gave my lost darling back to me.

O high and lofty One !  
*Thou* couldst have lived to all eternity  
Apart from *me*. . . .  
Possessing all things, what hadst *Thou* to gain  
By seeking me ?  
What was I ? . . . and, what am I ? . . . less than nought,  
And yet Thy mercy sought.  
Yea, *Thou* hast set my feet  
Upon the way of holiness, and sweet  
It is, to seek Thee daily, unafraid . . .  
But (this I learnt the night that Baby strayed)  
Here was Thy chief, Thy great concern for me :  
*My desolate estate, apart from Thee !*

*Fay Inchfawn,*

“ The Verse-book of a Homely Woman.”

**The Weak Confounding the Mighty.**—Great things have all their origin in small beginnings.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

It is so in Nature.

The mighty avalanche which comes crashing down the mountain-side, rending rocks in its impetuous course, and carrying death and destruction into the sleeping valley, was set in motion high up on the mountain summit by the dislodgment of a few flakes of powdery snow.

Who would dream, standing on London Bridge, and looking down upon the mighty river, bearing upon its broad and ample bosom ships that sail to the uttermost parts of the earth, that away up amid the Cotswold hills this mighty river has its origin in seven tiny trickling streams that could each be covered by a child's hand?

It is so in History.

There was nothing in the world at that time more mighty than the Empire of Pharaoh, there was nothing in the world weaker than the little babe who wept in his ark of bulrushes by the banks of the Nile. But in the purposes of God that babe was used to rend the might of Egypt, and to set the Israelites free.

There was nothing in the world at that time more mighty than the Empire of Rome, and nothing more weak than the Babe lying in its manger in Bethlehem. Yet from that weak and helpless Babe there went forth a power which laid the mightiest Empire of ancient times in the dust.

Thus again do we see how God takes the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.

**Childlikeness.**—Jesus focused the new type of character which His followers were to produce in a lovely illustration which is not always appre-



## The Ministry of the Weak

ciated at its full value, because we deny it perspective. Every reader of the Gospels has marked the sympathy of Jesus with children. How He watched their games ! How angry He was with His disciples for belittling them ! How He used to warn men, whatever they did, never to hurt a little child ! How grateful were children's praises when all others had turned against Him. One is apt to admire the beautiful sentiment, and to forget that children were more to Jesus than helpless, gentle creatures to be loved and protected. They were His chief parable of the Kingdom of Heaven. As a type of character the Kingdom was like unto a little child, and the greatest in the Kingdom would be the most child-like. According to Jesus a well-conditioned child illustrates better than anything else on earth the distinctive features of Christian character. Because he does not assert or aggrandize himself. Because he has no memory for injuries, and no room in his heart for a grudge. Because he has no previous opinions, and is not ashamed to confess his ignorance. Because he can imagine, and has the key of another world, entering in through the ivory gate and living amid the things unseen and eternal. The new society of Jesus was a magnificent imagination, and he who entered it must lay aside the world standards and ideals of character, and become as a little child.

*Dr. John Watson, "The Mind of the Master."*

**The Appeal of Infancy.**—Of all the healing and merciful ministries of the world, perhaps the most potent is the ministry of childhood. How often have the little fingers of a child called a

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

mother away from unavailing grief, given her a purpose in life which saved her from despair, and blessed her heart with comfort. In the Academy of 1904 there appeared a picture by Ernest E. Briggs entitled "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament." Deserted by her husband, the wife is seen in a low wainscoted room, grief-stricken and abandoned. To console her she has taken up her babe, which she holds convulsively to her breast.

Bairn, sin' thy cruel father is gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;  
My babe and I'll together live,  
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:  
My babe and I right saft will be,  
And quite forget man's cruelty.

## The Mother and the Babe.

Home they brought her warrior dead:  
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe:  
Yet she never spoke or moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face:  
Yet she never moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

*Tennyson.*



# The Ministry of the Weak

**The Child Outlook.** Putting aside the question whether, as Wordsworth says in his great ode,

Trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home,

it will be familiar to anyone who has a sympathetic appreciative sense that the *child's* outlook on the world around him is very different from our own. It has in him a more intense emotional reaction. He sees it with a freshness and wonder unfelt by us, because our sensibility is blunted and less vivid. And for the same reason that we can trust our faculties in their prime rather than in their degeneration, so the fresh and clear emotional response of a child's nature represents more *truthful* appreciation than our own. Our sensibility is blunted, not only by use and habit, but also by the hardening and coarsening experiences of our lives ; and also again by the development of intellect, which grows largely at the expense of the emotions. We lose the transparent soul of the child, his simple faith and trusting nature. To anyone who cannot *feel* the difference between the child's outlook and his own, this will convey no meaning—and words cannot assist him. It is as if one tried to describe love to a person who has never loved, or a religious experience to one who has never had such an experience ; indeed, in both love and religious experience there is the same childlike attitude of pure emotion—and hence Christ's comparison of His true followers to "little children." Poetry, music, love of nature, and the highest art produce in us at times the same indefinable feeling and give

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

us back for evanescent periods the fresh, clear, emotional sensibility of a child.

*J. T. Hockett.*

**“Except Ye become as Little Children.”—**

In “Mark Rutherford’s Deliverance” the author tells a story of a step-child Masie, aged ten, whom he tried to like, but of whom he could make nothing. “I was irritated at her slowness in learning,” he says. “It was, in fact, painful to be obliged to teach her. She was more or less of a locked cabinet to me. I tried her with the two or three keys which I had, but finding that none of them fitted, I took no more pains about her.”

On one occasion they determined upon a holiday, which was a great adventure to them as their means were small. They went to Hastings with an excursion train. The day was fine, they had brought their food with them, and sat on the sand enjoying the freshness and beauty of the sea. In the afternoon, however, the weather changed, a thunderstorm came on, and in the drenching rain husband and wife and Masie got drenched. When they reached home the mother was feverish, the following day was worse, and in a short time the doctor pronounced that she was suffering from a serious attack of typhoid fever. Rutherford was helpless, but aided by a neighbour he undertook to nurse his invalid wife. Then came the revelation. The dull, useless, unresponsive child suddenly disappeared. “What a change came over that child. I was amazed at her. All at once she seemed to have found what she was born to do. Although she was so little she became a perfect nurse. Her levity disappeared ; she was as grave as a matron ; moved

## The Ministry of the Weak

about as if shod in felt, never forgot a single direction, and gave proper and womanly answers to all who called. Never did she relax during the whole of that dreadful time, or show the slightest sign of discontent. . . .

“ I remember once going up to her cot in the night as she lay asleep, and almost breaking my heart over her with remorse and thankfulness—remorse that I, with blundering stupidity, had judged her so superficially ; and thankfulness that it had pleased God to present to me so much of His own divinest grace. I never should have believed, had it not been for Masie, that any grown-up man could so love a child. . . . My love to Masie was love of God Himself as He is. I may appear extravagant, but I can only put down what I felt and still feel. I appeal, moreover, to Jesus Himself for justification. I had seen the Kingdom of God through a little child. I, in fact, had done nothing more than beat out over a page in my own words what passed through His mind when He called a little child and set him in the midst of His disciples. How I see the meaning of these words now!” And so it is that a text will be with us for half a lifetime, recognized as great and good, but not penetrated till the experience comes round to us in which it is born.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE EDUCATION OF THE CHILD

**A Child's Prayer.**—O God, make me a Christian some day, but not yet, for I do like to laugh and be happy ; but don't let me die suddenly as other children do, but make me good a fortnight before I die. Amen.

#### **A Child's Grace.**

Here a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand ;  
Cold as paddocks<sup>1</sup> though they be,  
Here I lift them up to Thee,  
For a benison to fall  
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

*Robert Herrick.*

**Child Training.**—According to Blake all restriction laid upon the young is wrong. Children are born for joy. They will grow into greater joy and goodness if we let them live freely their own life. When they are happy they are good. It is commanding this, and forbidding that, which makes them evil-doers. "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," he claims, spoil the whole nature of the child, and injure his future life.

<sup>1</sup> Frogs.

# The Education of the Child

The attitude of mind of some parents is humorously revealed in the following command. "Johnnie, run upstairs and see what your little brother is doing, and tell him not to !"

**Children's Religious Education.**—Statesman calling on Coleridge began to discuss how far a parent ought to interfere with his child's religion. He argued that the only right thing was to wait until the boy was old enough to decide for himself. Coleridge said nothing, but leading him out into the garden said, "I have, since you spoke, decided to change my method of gardening, and I should like to ask your practical advice about it." "Well, let me hear what it is." "I have decided to wait until August before putting any vegetables into the ground, so that the garden might decide for itself whether it prefers weeds to strawberries."

## The Maister and the Bairns.

The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose  
Tae the Jordan's waters near,  
An' the fisher fowk crush'd and croodit roun'  
The Maister's words tae hear.

An' even the bairns frae near-han' streets  
War mixin' in wi' the thrang,  
Laddies an' lassies wi' wee bare feet,  
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side  
Rase up an' cried aloud  
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you  
Rin awa' hame oot o' the crood."

---

\*Dodging.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',  
"Lat the wee bairns come tae Me!"  
An' He gaithered them roun' Him whaur He sat,  
An' liftit ane up on His knee.

Ay He gaithered them roun' Him whaur He sat  
An' straitit<sup>1</sup> their curly hair  
An' He said tae the won'erin' fisher fowk  
That croodit aroun' Him there:

"Send nae the weans awa' frae Me,  
But raither this lesson learn—  
That nane'll win in at heaven's yett<sup>2</sup>  
Wha isna as pure as a bairn."

An' He that has taen us for kith an' kin,  
Tho' a Prince o' the far awa'  
Gaithered the wee anes in His airms,  
An' blessed them ane an' a'.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Thou who watchest the ways o' men,  
Keep oor feet in the heavenly airt,  
An' bring us at last to Thy hame abune,  
As pure as the bairns in hert.

*George Macdonald.*

**What Bradley Owed.**—There was once a boy whose name was Bradley. They called him Tiddley Winks when he was young, because he was such a tiny little thing. When he was about eight years old he had already got into the bad habit of thinking of everything as worth so much money. He wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and if it had not cost a great deal, it did not seem to him to be of any value at all.

Now this was rather foolish of him, for there are a great many things that money can't buy

<sup>1</sup> Stroked.

<sup>2</sup> Gate.

# The Education of the Child

which do not have any price at all. Money cannot buy the very best things in the world, as you will soon see.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast, he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written :

Mother owes Bradley—

				s.	d.
For running errands	...	...	...	2	0
For being good	...	...	...	1	0
For taking music lessons	...	...	...	1	6
Extras	...	...	...	...	6
Total that Mother owes Bradley				5	0

His mother smiled when she read that, but she did not say anything. When lunch came she put the bill on Bradley's plate with the five shillings. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money, and he thought that his business ability had been quickly rewarded. All at once he saw that there was another piece of paper beside his plate, neatly folded, just like the first one. And when he opened it, what do you think he saw? Why, it was a bill from his mother. This is the way it read :

Bradley owes Mother—

For being good to him	...	...	...	Nothing
For nursing him through his long illness				
with scarlet fever	...	...	...	Nothing
For clothes and shoes and gloves and				
playthings	...	...	...	Nothing
For his meals and beautiful room	...	...	...	Nothing
Total that Bradley owes Mother				Nothing



## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

Now what do you think that boy did when he read these words? Do you think that he put the five shillings in his pocket and went off whistling? I am sure that you know better than that. No. The tears came into Bradley's eyes and he put his arms around his mother's neck, and he placed his hand with the five shillings in her hand, and said, "Take the money all back, Mother, and just let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

*Dr. H. T. Lerr*, "Children's Story Sermons."

**Playing the Game.**—One of the most interesting places in Greece is Ancient Olympia, where for over a thousand years the games took place. These were celebrated in a wide valley watered by the river Alpheus, and during the contest a sacred truce was observed throughout Greece, so that competitors could come and go in safety. The great contest was one of five events—jumping, running, hurling the spear, throwing the disc, and wrestling. The games were not degraded by huge money stakes, or costly prizes. Only a wreath cut from a sacred tree was given to the victor, but to obtain this was counted the greatest of all honours.

The most significant fact in connection with these games was that in Greece sport was consecrated by religion. On the morning of the contest the competitors entered the Temple of Zeus and sacrifice was offered upon the altars.

Overlooking the valley where the games were celebrated was the sacred hill of Kronos, and on the heights—which no one dare approach—it was believed that the gods assembled to witness the contest. Each competitor, therefore, ran, conscious

# The Education of the Child

that *the eyes of the gods were upon him*. So they lifted sport into the realm of religion.

A story is told of a father who was blind who always attended the cricket matches of the school in which his boy played. The boy was a first-rate batsman, and was captain of the school, and although the father never saw his son play he seemed to gain pleasure from being present. Suddenly the father died, and the day after his funeral an important cricket match took place at the school. Owing to his recent bereavement it was thought that the son would not choose to play. But he did, to the astonishment of all, and he was seen to bat with the greatest earnestness, and with an unwonted seriousness of purpose. Being asked by one of his companions when the match was over why he played with such care, and why he played at all, he answered, "You see, this is the first time that my dear father would see me play, and I wanted to do my very best, because I was conscious that his eyes were upon me."

A Rhodes student being asked what impression he had formed of University life in England, said :  
That which has impressed me most in Oxford and Cambridge is that here are several thousand young men playing games, every one of whom would lose a hundred times rather than not play fair."

## CHAPTER V

### THE LOSS OF THE CHILD

**Dear Childe.**—In the cloisters of Westminster Abbey a plain tablet marks the resting-place of a little child who died in 1688. “In that eventful year of the Revolution,” says Dean Stanley, “when Church and State were reeling to their foundations, this dear child found her resting-place in the Eastern cloister. The sigh over her prematurely ended life is petrified in stone, and affects us the more deeply from the great events amidst which it is enshrined. The inscription is as follows :

HERE LYES  
JANE LISTER  
DEAR CHILDE.

Only six words : but how much they suggest ! You hear the heavy sigh in them come up through the centuries and feel them beat against your heart, all laden with loss, and tremulous with tears.

#### The Comforter.

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small birds' grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear,

# The Loss of the Child

And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast,  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear ?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away ?  
Oh no ! never can it be :  
Never, never can it be !

*Wm. Blake.*

**Compensations.**—When one comes to the loss of young children—a sad perplexity—let it not be forgotten that they were given. If in the hour of bitterest grief it were asked of a bereaved mother whether she would prefer never to have possessed in order that she might never have lost, her heart would be very indignant. No little child has ever come from God and stayed a brief while in some human home—to return again to the Father—without making glad that home and leaving behind some trace of heaven. A family had counted themselves poorer without those quaint sayings, those cunning caresses, that soft touch, that sudden smile. This short visit was not an incident : it was a benediction. The child departs, the remembrances, the influence, the associations remain. If one should allow us to have Sarto's "Annunciation" for a month, we would thank him. When he resumed it for his home he would not take everything, for its loveliness of maid and angel is now ours for ever. And if God recalls the child He has lent, then let us thank Him for the loan, and consider that what made that child the messenger of God—its purity, modesty, trustfulness, gladness—has passed into our soul.

*Dr. John Watson, "The Potter's Wheel."*

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

**Death Crowning Innocence.**—One of Watts's most beautiful pictures is that which he has entitled "Death Crowning Innocence." Having come into contact with a mother's grief at the loss of her child, and feeling the agony of it, he painted this picture, dedicating it to all the bereaved. Death he represents, not in the terrifying and repulsive form found in mediæval representations, but as a pitying mother with the child upon her lap. Her great wings are outspread protectingly, her face is bent upon the child with a look of tenderest affection, while she presses the little hand close to her breast. Behind, the intense blue sky expresses consolation, and an immense tranquillity. Sympathy, understanding love, tender solicitude, and yet peace—the peace of one that knoweth all is well, such to Watts is the attitude, and are the attributes of Death.

## Aladdin's Lamp.

When I was a beggarly boy  
And lived in a cellar damp,  
I had not a friend or a toy,  
But I had Aladdin's lamp :  
When I could not sleep for the cold,  
I had fire enough in my brain,  
And builded with roofs of gold  
My beautiful castles in Spain.

Since then I have toiled day and night,  
I have money and power good store,  
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright  
For the one that is mine no more :  
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,  
You gave, and may snatch again.  
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,  
For I own no more castles in Spain.

*J. R. Lowell.*

# The Loss of the Child

## The Loss of the Child.

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high :  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.  
*Thomas Hood, "Past and Present."*





PART II

THE ADVENTURES OF YOUTH



## CHAPTER I

### THE SOUL'S AWAKENING

**The Voice.**—In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. . . .

Then said I, Woe is me ! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar.

And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips : and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us ? Then said I, Here am I ; send me.

*Isaiah vi. 1-8.*

**Vision.**—"What," asked Blake once, "what, when the sun rises do you see ? A round disc of fire something like a guinea ! O no, no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying :

'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.'"

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

## A Sunset Touch.

Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,  
A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death.  
A chorus, ending from Euripides,—  
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears  
As old and new at once as nature's self,  
To rap and knock and enter in our soul.

*Browning.*

**A Cry from the Depths.**—"O Truth, Truth, how did the marrow of my soul pant after Thee! They sounded out Thy name to me, but it was but a voice. As fictitious dishes served up to one in hunger, so instead of Thee they served up to me Thy sun and moon, Thy beauteous works, but not Thyself, and I fed upon them, but was not nourished, but famished. For I hungered and famished, not so much after Thy works, but after Thee Thyself, the Truth, with Whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

*Augustine.*

## The Soul's Vision.

Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

*Wordsworth.*

**The Soul's Awakening.**—There is a well-known picture by Sant called "The Soul's Awakening." A youth is represented who has been reading with earnest heart a manual of devotion. His mind has been groping for the light. Suddenly

# The Soul's Awakening

a passage in the book arrests him ; swiftly the scales fall from his eyes, a window opens in the brain, a shaft of spiritual illumination pierces into his soul, and looking up with transport he sees the vision, and enters into the kingdom.

There is a day in Spring  
When under all the earth the secret germs  
Begin to stir and glow before they bud.  
The wealth and pomp of mid-summer  
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour  
Which no man names with blessing, though its work  
Is blessed by all the world. Such days there are  
In the slow story of the growth of souls.

**St. Augustine.**—Up to the age of thirty, Augustine lived for pleasure, for ambition, for sinful indulgence. His life was marked by splendid success. He became Professor of Eloquence at Milan, the city where the Emperor then had his palace. But his mind was not at peace. For long years his saintly mother Monica had been unweariedly praying for him, but he had not submitted his will to the easy yoke of Christ. One September day, he tells us, as he sat in the garden, where all the flowers were in bloom, exhaling their fragrance beneath a cloudless sky, a great struggle took place in his mind. He threw himself in an agony under a fig-tree and prayed earnestly to God, saying, "O Lord, how long, how long, how long wilt Thou be angry with me? Must it be for ever to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow? Why should it not be to-day?" He seemed to hear the voice of a little child speaking in the distance, and repeating "Tolle, lege"—"Take and read; take and read." He

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

obeyed the voice, and took up the Epistles of Paul, where he had been reading before. The book opened at the verse : " Not in rioting and drunkenness ; not in chambering and wantonness. Make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." He read no more, for the light which comes from God into every earnest and willing heart had entered his ; and in one strong, instantaneous resolution he had given up his former life for that higher and nobler one of which he had only glimpses before. He left the garden and went to his mother, and filled her heart with the most exquisite gladness by telling her that at last her prayers for him were answered.

*Mrs. Jameson, " Sacred and Legendary Art."*

### The Moment of Decision.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side !  
Some great cause—God's new Messiah offering each the bloom  
or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

*Lowell.*

**The Vision of Sir Galahad.**—One of Watts's finest pictures is that of " Sir Galahad," which he presented to Eton College, and which the authorities placed in the Chapel so that generation after generation of the youth of England might have engraven on their memory the image of the stainless knight, and be inspired to follow him.

The moment Watts has chosen to depict Sir Galahad is that moment of vision when the young

## The Soul's Awakening

knight beholds the "Holy Grail" and makes his deathless choice. He has left behind him the splendours of court and hall. Far into the forest he has ridden contending with its lurking dangers, he has turned from the bewitching and sensuous forms which have sought to allure him to forsake the quest, and has closed his ears to all the blandishments of the world. And now the supreme moment has come, the moment of vision. Dismounting from his horse he has hung his casque at the saddle bow. A white cloud arrested in the sky makes an aureole around his head ; he folds his hands in the attitude of devotion, his face, uplifted, is refined and purified from all base desire. The atmosphere of the picture suggests an intense stillness. Nature seems spellbound. Then as Sir Galahad stands with straining eyes the vision comes, the Holy Grail appears for a moment and vanishes, and with the vision comes the call, and with the call the answer, the joyous response, the willing surrender.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And through the mountain walls  
A rolling organ harmony  
Swells up and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear,  
O just and faithful knight of God  
Ride on : the prize is near.

**H. M. Stanley.**—In 1871 I went to Livingstone in Africa as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings,



## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely outside my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, "How on earth does he stop here—is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?" For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible: "Leave all things, and follow Me." But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went about his business, *I was converted* by him, although he had not tried to do it.

**The Divine Call.**—Lady Watts in her biography of G. F. Watts tells of an incident in the painter's early life which shows the serious and lofty bent of his mind. He was painting a portrait of a successful merchant, and one evening—though the company was not congenial to him—he accepted the invitation to stay to dinner. When he arose to go, much to his annoyance, the son of the house, a lad of fifteen or sixteen, whom he knew to be living a very fast life, got up also and offered to walk across the park with him. And so it was that, under the dome of a sky brilliant with stars, they came to speak of many things, when suddenly some word that was said caused the younger of the two to open his heart and make confession of his life. Plunged from his earliest days by a dissolute father into vicious company and vicious ways, something now stirred within him to make him realize the misery of it all. Years passed, and when these two met

# The Soul's Awakening

again the youth had distinguished himself highly at the University, and had grown into a noble manhood. He confided to Watts that he dated the whole change in his life from the night when they had walked together across the park.

When Watts was asked what they talked about, he replied gravely and simply : " We talked about the stars."

## Moments of Vision.

Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come as they will, and many a time they come,  
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not air  
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
Who rose again. . . .

" So spake the king : I knew not all he meant."

*Tennyson, " The Holy Grail."*

**Songs of Salvation.**—In one of Dora Greenwell's " Songs of Salvation " a pitman relates to his wife the story of his conversion. The message that Jesus Christ the Son of God loved him and gave Himself for him burned like a fire in his heart, and gave him no rest or peace until he melted in love's response.

It was for me that Jesus died : for me and a world of men,  
Just as sinful, and just as slow to give back this love again :  
And He didn't wait till I came to Him, but He loved me at my  
worst :

He needn't ever have died for me if I could have loved Him first.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

Then, carried away by this thought of Christ's love, he cries :

And could'st thou love such a man as me, my Saviour ! Then  
I'll take  
More heed to this wandering soul of mine, if it's only for Thy  
sake.

**Conversion.**—Mr. John Masefield, in his poem "The Everlasting Mercy," represents his hero, Saul Kane, drunkard, swearer, poacher, and gambler, as hearing a piercing word spoken by an earnest child of faith, and in one night he passes through the change that destroys the habits of a life-time.

I did not think, I did not strive,  
The deep peace burnt my ~~soul~~ alive. *me /*  
The bolted door had broken in,  
I knew that I had done with sin.  
I knew that Christ had given me birth  
To brother all the souls on earth.  
And every bird and every beast  
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

True I am worn,  
But who clothes summer, who is life itself ?  
God, that created all things can renew.

*Browning.*

**Pippa Passes.**—Browning, with his profound spiritual insight, deals with the Soul's Awakening in many of his poems, but in none so powerfully as in "Pippa Passes."

Pippa is only a little silk-winder of Asolo, but in her sunny faith she carries with her a message of salvation. It is New Year's day, her one holiday of the year.

# The Soul's Awakening

To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk  
The whole year round to earn just bread and milk :  
But, this one day, I have leave to go  
And play out my fancy's fullest games.

So, blithely and merrily she goes along in the sun-  
shine singing her heart's glad song.

The year's at the Spring  
And day's at the morn :  
Morning's at seven :  
The hill's dew-pearled :  
The lark's on the wing :  
The snail's on the thorn :  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world.

In the morning she passes the house on the hill where the guilty lovers Ottima and Sebald are met. Next, at noonday, she reaches the house where the sculptor Jules will bring his bride. Then in the evening she is near the turret on the hill above Asolo, where Luigi and his mother dwell ; and last, at night, she passes the palace where Monsignor, the Bishop, is conferring with his Intendant. Each is face to face, although Pippa does not know it, with a great spiritual crisis, to each has come a moment of destiny. " Ottima and Sebald unrepentant, with a crime behind them ; Jules and Phene, two souls brought strangely face to face by a fate which may prove their salvation or their perdition ; Luigi irresolute, with a purpose to be performed ; Monsignor undecided before a great temptation."

As Pippa passes singing—

God's in His heaven—all's right with the world !

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

something awakes in the soul of each, and each is saved. Here is Sebald's answer to the message :

That little peasant's voice  
Has righted all again. Though I be lost,  
I know which is the better, never fear,  
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,  
Nature or trick ! I see what I have done  
Entirely now : Oh, I am proud to feel  
Such torments—let the world take credit thence—  
I, having done my deed, pay too its price !  
. . . God's in His heaven !

**The Cure of Soul-Sickness.**—In the biography of George Fox we are told that in his search for spiritual enlightenment to lift the burden from his soul one jolly old gentleman told him to smoke tobacco and sing psalms, another to go and lose some blood. From these he went to the Dissenters. "The clergy of the neighbourhood," says Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," "listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him as the solution of such doubts to drink beer and dance with the girls."

Newman related to his parents his spiritual perplexities. This drew the following letter from his mother. "Your father and I fear very much from the tone of your letters that you are depressed. We fear that you debar yourself a proper quantity of wine."

Drink beer ! Dance with the girls ! Take more wine ! This is the medicine of the world to cure the sickness of the soul.

**Eyesight.**—"I can't see all these fine colours in Nature which you put into your pictures," said a lady critic to Turner. "Madam," he replied,

# The Soul's Awakening

"don't you wish you could see them?" After all, we can only see what the heart and mind permit us to see.

Two girls, who had spent in the country a day,  
Were asked what impressions they carried away.

Said one, I'll remember, through all my life long,  
A lovely white lily—a lark's perfect song.

The other cried, frowning, "I'll never forget  
Those pestering flies, and the dust that we met."

*Grace Arundel.*

**The Eye of the Soul.**—There came to me this thought, which doubtless has come to many another besides myself—why the scene should so influence me, and yet make no impression on the men about me. Here were men with far keener eyesight than my own, and around me were animals with eyesight keener still. . . . Clearly it is not the eye, but the soul that sees. But then comes the still further reflection: What may there not be staring *me* in the face which I am as blind to as the Kashmir stags are to the beauties amidst which they spend their entire lives? The whole panorama may be vibrating with beauties man has not yet the soul to see. Some already living, no doubt see beauties that we ordinary men cannot appreciate. It is only a century ago that mountains were looked upon as hideous. And in the long centuries to come may we not develop a soul for beauties unthought of now? Undoubtedly we must. And often in reverie on the mountains I have tried to imagine what still further loveliness they may yet possess for men.

*Sir F. Younghusband, "Kashmir."*

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

## The Higher Pantheism.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—  
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art the reason why :  
For is He not all but that which has power to feel " I am I " ?

Glory about thee, without thee ; and thou fulfillest thy doom  
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see :  
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He ?

*Tennyson.*

**The Visionaries.**—Hugh Walpole, in his novel entitled "The Captives," takes as his thesis that "there is beyond question, in human nature, such a thing as an inherited consciousness of God, and this consciousness, if inherited, through many generations, may defy apparent reason, all progress of vaunted civilizations, and even, it may be suggested, the actual challenge of death itself." As an illustration of this he makes one of his characters say, "I think things out, you know, and at last I come to a conclusion and it ends by being a platitude that all the goody-goody books have said times without number. But all the same, that doesn't prevent it from being my discovery. It is nothing to do with goodness, and nothing to do with evil, it's nothing to do with strength, and nothing to do with weakness ; it simply is that there are some people who want what they see and no more, and there are others, the baffled,



# The Soul's Awakening

fighting, and disordered others for whom nothing that they can see with their mortal eyes is enough, and who'll be restless all their days with their queer little maps and their mysterious thumb'd directions to some island or other that they'll never reach and never even get a ship for."

**Blind Eyes.**—That tragic blindness of the soul to beauty, the beauty of Nature, and the beauty of holiness, may be illustrated by quoting from Wordsworth's well-known poem "Peter Bell."

He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell.  
They were his dwellings night and day—  
But Nature ne'er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell . . .  
A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

Compare now Wordsworth's own response :

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began :  
So is it now I am a man :  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die.

The heart that "leaps"—that is life's great possession. "The object of life," says Augustine, "is to possess the vision of God."

**The Hunger of the Soul.**—In early days Wordsworth found in Nature, and in Nature alone, the great educative and inspiring force of his life.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

Nature was all in all to him, he tells us, and in her forms he found "a feeling and a love"

That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.

But as life went on, and as he encountered its vicissitudes, he found that Nature was not enough. Love in him broadened out to include mankind ; he did not love Nature less, but humanity and its vast interests, its sorrows and its joys became wedded to Nature, and this wider love added enrichment to his thoughts. Then there followed a further development. Even love of Nature and love of mankind were not enough. In the universe and in humanity and in himself he found an all-pervading spirit, and peace and joy were found at last in love for this Divine presence which revealed itself in Nature, in mankind, and in his own spirit. "For I have learned," he says,

To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth : but hearing oft-times  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains ; and of all that we behold

# The Soul's Awakening

From this green earth : of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear—both what they half create,  
And what perceive : well pleased to recognize  
In Nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

**The Story of the Cañyon.**—Ralph Connor in his "Sky Pilot" tells the story of a girl called Gwen, who lived far away in a remote part of Canada, beautiful in face and form, but untamed, warm-hearted, loving but capricious. To this child of the open air, to whom freedom and exercise were the breath of life, there came a terrible disaster which robbed her almost of life and doomed her to suffering. The Sky Pilot visits her, and strives to help her solve that ever-torturing problem of how God can permit such things to happen. He tells her the following story.

"At first there were no cañyons, but only the broad open prairie. One day the Master of the prairie, walking out over his great lawns, where were only grasses, asked the prairie, 'Where are your flowers?' And the prairie answered, 'Master, I have no seeds.' Then he spoke to the birds, and they carried seeds of every kind of flower, and strewed them far and wide, and soon the prairie blossomed with crocuses and roses, and buffalo beans, and wild sunflowers, and the red lilies all the summer long.

"Then the Master came and was well pleased, but he missed the flowers he loved best of all, and he said to the prairie, 'Where are the clematis and the columbine, the sweet violets and wind-flowers, and all the ferns and flowering shrubs?' And

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again he spoke to the birds, and again they carried all the seeds and strewed them far and wide.

“But again, when the Master came, he could not find the flowers he loved best of all, and he said, ‘Where are those my sweetest flowers?’ And the prairie cried sorrowfully, ‘O Master, I cannot keep the flowers, for the winds sweep fiercely, and the sun beats upon my breast, and they wither up and fly away.’ Then the Master spoke to the lightning, and with one swift blow the lightning cleft the prairie to the heart. And the prairie rocked and groaned in agony, and for many a day moaned bitterly over its black, jagged, and gaping wound. But the little river poured its waters through the cleft, and carried down deep black mould, and once more the birds carried seeds, and strewed them in the cañon. And after a long time the rough rocks were decked out with soft mosses and trailing vines, and all the nooks were hung with clematis and columbine, and great elms lifted their huge tops high up into the sunlight. And down about their feet clustered the cedars and balsams, and everywhere the violets and wind-flowers and maidenhair grew and bloomed till the cañon became the Master’s place for rest, and peace, and joy.”

The quaint tale was ended, and Gwen lay quiet for some moments, then said gently, “Yes, the cañon flowers are much the best, tell me what it means.”

Then the Pilot read to her : “The fruits—I’ll read flowers instead—The flowers of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and some of these grow only in the cañon.”

# The Soul's Awakening

## Life's Carol.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you :  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey :  
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,  
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn o'er breezy down ;  
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;  
Do lovely things, not dream them all day long :  
And so make life, and Death, and that For Ever,  
One grand, sweet song.

*Charles Kingsley.*

## CHAPTER II

### DREAMS AND IDEALS

**Ideals.**—Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to struggle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.

*W. E. Gladstone*, in an Address to Young Men.

What he sought was the attainment of high ideals, and he is honoured by his countrymen because through so many years, across so many vicissitudes and conflicts, they had recognized this one quality of action which has never ceased to be felt.

*Lord Salisbury*, Speech on the death of Gladstone.

**Die Climbing.**—At Chamounix, on a stone which marks the grave of a guide who perished in ascending the Alps, there are written these three suggestive words : “He died climbing.”

To be victorious over the world does not mean that we shall never stumble nor fall, that is impossible. It means that after every fall we shall rise undaunted, undefeated, and undismayed, and climb, and keep on climbing, and “*Die climbing.*”

“Laws of Life and Destiny.”

“They were last seen . . . going strong for the top” (*The Times*, June 26, 1924). This was

## Dreams and Ideals

the last report of the two brave men who lost their lives in the ascent of Mount Everest. No better epitaph for them could be found. It epitomizes the essential gallantry of human striving for the hitherto unachieved.

**The Utmost for the Highest.**—The test of human greatness lies in its ceaseless aspiration. "Set your affection on things above," cries Paul, "and not on things beneath." "I am nothing," says Watts, one of the greatest painters and one of the noblest men of the nineteenth century, "but I aspire. The only thing I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it, is an aim towards the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it." So he took as the watchword of his life the motto, "The Utmost for the Highest." In his great piece of sculpture of a horse and its youthful rider, entitled "Physical Energy," at which he was engaged when he died, he continually altered the head of the youth, ever throwing it farther back and back, so that at the end the face looked not earthward but heavenward. This ever-increasing upward look was the history of his own life.

Tennyson in his old age wrote his poem "Follow the Gleam" to hearten the young, and to teach them ever to aspire.

There on the border  
Of boundless Ocean,  
And all but in Heaven,  
Hovers the gleam.

Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

O young mariner  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel  
And crowd the canvas.

And ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the gleam.

No less was this the message of Browning, one of the greatest thinkers as well as one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century. "What is left for us," he cries,

Save in growth  
Of soul to rise. . . .  
From the gift looking to the Giver,  
And from the cistern to the river  
And from the finite to Infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's divinity.

So also Longfellow :

The night  
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light  
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift.  
I follow, follow—sure to meet the sun  
And confident that what the future yields  
Will be the Right, unless myself be wrong.

Matthew Arnold was not a poet of radiant hope, but he too had his moments of vision, and in one such moment he was able to lay bare his spiritual aspiration and conviction :

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast  
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again :  
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,  
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.



# Dreams and Ideals

A man becomes aware of his life's flow  
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees  
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.  
And there arrives a lull in the hot race  
Wherein he doth for ever chase  
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.  
An air of coolness plays upon his face,  
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.  
And then he thinks he knows  
The Hills where his life rose,  
And the Sea where it goes.

**Aspiration.**—We have got into the habit of using the word “evolution” as if it were a dead mechanical force. It is nothing of the kind. It is a living aspiration. It is the divine compulsion in everything which makes it grope upward toward God in an unending posture of entreaty. Every cell, every plant, every living thing which is true to itself, lifts up its hands, and joins in this unending prayer :

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

“Laws of Life and Destiny.”

Every clod has a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers :  
And grasping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

**The Lost Leader.**—Browning in his fierce and indignant verses entitled “The Lost Leader” tells of one who “broke from the van and the free-men, and sank to the rear and the slaves.”

We shall march prospering—not thro' his presence  
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre.  
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch, whom the rest bade aspire.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

Blot out his name, then ; record one lost soul more,  
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod ;  
One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,  
One more wrong to man, one more insult to God.

**Upward and Onward.**—One of Dicksee's most inspiring pictures is one to which he has given the title, "The Ideal." It represents a youth climbing up a steep ascent, and having reached with infinite difficulty a high and shining peak. His uplifted eyes are full of the fire of aspiration ; his arms are eagerly outstretched. In the wreathed mist in front of him there is a Figure which he strains to reach, but which has left the earth, and is rising towards the heavens. Still the Figure beckons the youth to follow, to struggle, to attain. This is the young Christian, not dolorous, but triumphant, seeking as his prize the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

The toppling crags of duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

*Tennyson.*

**Dare All to Win All.**—Was Yeobright's mind well-proportioned ? No. A well-proportioned mind is one which shows no particular bias : one of which we may safely say that it will never cause its owner to be confined as a madman, tortured as a heretic, crucified as a blasphemer. Also, on the other hand, that it will never cause him to be applauded as a prophet, revered as a priest, or exalted as a king. Its usual blessings are happiness and mediocrity. It produces the poetry of Rodgers, the paintings of West, the statecraft of

## Dreams and Ideals

North, the spiritual guidance of Sumner ; enabling its possessors find to their way to wealth, to wind up well, to step with dignity off the stage, to die comfortably in their beds, and to get the decent monument which in many cases they deserve. It would never have allowed Yeobright to do such a ridiculous thing as throw up his business to benefit his fellow-creatures.

*Hardy*, "The Return of the Native."

### The Soul's Values.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us :

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in :  
At the devil's booth are all things sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold :

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

*J. R. Lowell*, "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

### CHAPTER III

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

**Consecration.**—Everyone knows Pettie's picture "The Vigil." The youth kneels in the chapel before the altar, he has spent the night there in prayer and self-examination according to the rules of knighthood. The dawn with its soft light slowly filters through the eastern windows, and illumines the young knight's face, grown pale and drawn through his long vigil. But to-day he will win his spurs, and so he holds up before the altar his sword which is in the form of a cross, for without sacrifice and self-consecration no knightly deeds are ever done.

Who is the happy warrior, who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?

*Wordsworth.*

Then the King in low deep tones,  
And simple words of great authority,  
Bound them by so straight vows to his own self,  
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some  
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost.  
Some flush'd and others dazed as one who wakes  
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

But when he spake and cheered his Table Round  
With large, divine and comfortable words,  
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld  
From eye to eye thro' all their order flash  
A momentary likeness of the King.

*Tennyson, "The Coming of Arthur."*

# The Happy Warrior

When Mahmoud the Conqueror of India had captured the city of Gujarat he proceeded, as was his custom, to destroy the idols. There was one fifteen feet high which the priests earnestly besought him to spare. He declined, and seizing a hammer struck it a blow, when down fell a shower of gems, pearls and diamonds. Let us not spare our idols. We enrich ourselves by destroying them.

Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men ! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.

*Phillips Brooks.*

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green ?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !  
Bring me my arrows of desire !  
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !  
Bring me my Chariot of Fire !

I will not cease from mental fight ;  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

Stanzas from *William Blake's* " Prophetic Books."

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

Bishop Tucker, the first missionary sent by the C.M.S. to Uganda, was in early days an artist. Engaged on a picture entitled "Homeless," in which he depicted a poor woman carrying a babe in her arms, struggling along a desolate street on a cold winter's night, with the sleet driving in her face, he suddenly threw down his brush. "Why should I go on painting poverty and loneliness," he cried, "and do nothing to rescue those who are poor and lonely?" From this moment he consecrated his life to the service of the lost, first amid the slums of one of our great cities, and next in one of the darkest spots of Africa.

I have referred to his chivalry only to find that in reality I was thinking of every one of the whole group of attributes which are associated with that name. Loyalty, honesty, generosity, courage, courtesy, tenderness, and self-devotion; to impute no unworthy motives and to bear no grudge; to bear misfortune with cheerfulness and without a murmur; to strike hard for the right and take no mean advantage; to be gentle to women and kind to all that are weak; to be very rigorous with oneself and very lenient to others—these, and any other virtues ever implied in chivalry, were the traits that distinguished Stevenson.

*Graham Balfour, "The Life of R. L. Stevenson."*

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King as if he were  
Their conscience and their cause. As their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs.  
To speak no slander, no nor listen to it.  
To honour his own word as if his God's,

# The Happy Warrior

To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her : for indeed I knew  
Of no more noble master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man  
But teach high thought and amiable words,  
And courtliness, and the desire of peace,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

*Tennyson.*

He had a smile for almost everyone, but we thought that he had a different smile for us. We looked for it, and were never disappointed. On parade, as long as we were trying, his smile encouraged us. Off parade, if we passed him and saluted, his eyes looked straight into our own and his smile greeted us. It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for. It bucked one up when one was bored or tired. It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view. . . . The fact was that he had won his way into our hearts. We loved him. And there is nothing stronger than love, when all's said or done. . . . We knew that we should lose him. . . . We were holding some trenches which were about as unhealthy as trenches could be. Bombs and air torpedoes were dropping round us all day. Of course the Captain was there. It seemed as if he could not keep away. A torpedo fell into the trench and buried some of our chaps. The fellows next to them ran to dig them out. Of course he was one of the first. Then came another torpedo in the same place. That was the end.



# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

But he lives. Somehow he lives. And we who knew him do not forget. We feel his eyes on us. We still work for that wonderful smile of his. There are not many of the old lot left now, but I think that those who went West have seen him. When they got to the other side they were met. Someone said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." And as they knelt before that gracious pierced Figure, I reckon they saw near by the Captain's smile. Anyhow, in that faith let me die, if death should come my way ; and so, I think, shall I die content.

*Donald Hankey, "The Beloved Captain."*

Though love repine and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply—  
" 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die."

*R. W. Emerson.*

In "Gareth and Lynette" Tennyson represents the mother Bellicent striving to keep her youngest son Gareth tethered to her, while he longs to be out doing knightly deeds in the great world. She urges that his father is old, that her other sons have left her, and so pleads with him to stay, bids him follow the deer, enjoy the chase, and so escape life's perils. And Gareth answers :

How can ye keep me tethered to you—Shame !  
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.  
Follow the deer ? follow the Christ, the King,  
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—  
Else, wherefore born ?

*Purity.*—"Hold off from sensuality," says Cicero, "for if you have given yourself up to it,"



# The Happy Warrior

you will find yourself unable to think of anything else." This is morality.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," says Jesus Christ, "for they shall see God." That is religion.

*M. Arnold.*

A minister calling on a washerwoman remarked upon the whiteness of the linen which was hanging out on the ropes to dry. During his stay a snow-storm came on, and on parting, looking out of the window, he said, "The linen doesn't look so white now." "Oh, the linen is the same," said the washerwoman, "but what can compare with God Almighty's whiteness?"

An English lady on a visit to Cairo, asked a donkey-driver if Abdel Kadir, an Arab general taken prisoner by the French in Algiers, was to be sent back to Cairo. "I know not," he said, "but tell me is he not a good man, a 'kuhlbenat' (a brother of girls)." "I do not know if he has any sisters," replied the lady. Then said the old donkey-driver, "The Arabs, O lady, call that man 'a brother of girls' to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters, and strength and courage to fight for their protection."

She came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone :  
An angel watching an urn  
Wept over her, carved in stone :  
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd  
To find they were met by my own.

*Tennyson, "Maud."*

"It's a pity you never were at a boys' school."  
"Why?"

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

“ If you had been, you’d know there are some boys who simply can’t keep themselves and their clothes clean, and others who can’t get dirty or untidy if they try. In time the grubby ones usually get cleaner, but the boy who starts with a clean instinct never deteriorates into a grub. The distinction holds good of both sexes, and it applies to conduct as much as clothes.”

*Stephen McKenna, “ The Sixth Sense.”*

Dr. Carpenter in his “ Physiology of the Brain ” gives golden advice as to how to ward off impurity : “ When the question is of keeping down an habitual tendency to evil thoughts of a particular class, and of preventing them from gaining a dominant influence, it does not answer to be continually repeating to oneself, ‘ I will not allow myself to think of this ’ ; for the repetition by fixing the attention on the very thought or feeling from which we desire to escape, gives it an additional and even overpowering intensity—as many a poor, misguided, but well-intentioned sufferer has found to his cost. The real remedy is to be found in the determined effort to think of something else, and to turn into some wholesome and useful pursuit the energy which, wrongly directed, is injurious to the individual and to society.”

Break your birth’s invidious bar  
And grasp the skirts of happy chance  
And breast the blows of circumstance,  
And grapple with your evil star.

One of the “ labours ” imposed upon Herakles was to cleanse the stables of Augeas. The stables had a herd of three thousand oxen, and the stalls

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had not been cleansed for thirty years. According to the bond the stables were to be cleansed in a single day. Herakles accomplished the task not by his own labour but by directing the river Alpheus and making it run through the stables. It is only thus that the heart of man can be cleansed, not by fighting individual impurities by unaided effort, but by letting in the river of cleansing.

In Christian art the lily is the flower which symbolizes purity and chastity. Hence in the tombs of Christian virgins in the Catacombs it is frequently met with, and is used to suggest the purity of their lives. It is in the life of the Virgin, however, that the lily occupies its most important place. Especially is it found in pictures of the Annunciation. The angel Gabriel is usually represented carrying a branch, and frequently the Virgin is seen praying with a vase containing a lily at her side.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.  
And, in clear dreams and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.

*Milton.*

In "Sir Launcelot and Guinevere" Tennyson gives expression to the agony of the conscience that is stained by sin, having proved false to honour.

Launcelot :

For what am I? What profits me my name  
Of greatest knight? I fought for it and have it.  
Pleasure to have it none, to lose it pain:  
Now grown a part of me—but what use is it?

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

To make man worse by making my sin known?  
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great? . . .

May God, I pray Him,  
Send a sudden angel down  
To seize me by the hair and bear me far.  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
Amid the tumbled fragments of the hills.

And here is the agony wrung from the heart of  
Guinevere :

He, the King,  
Called me polluted : shall I kill myself?  
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin  
If soul be soul, nor can I kill my shame.  
No, nor by living can I live it down.  
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,  
The months will add themselves and make the years,  
The years will roll into the centuries,  
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.

**Love.**—God be thanked, the meanest of His  
creatures has two soul sides, one to face the world  
with, one to show a woman when he loves her.

The Romans, like ourselves, used rings as tokens  
of betrothal. In early times this took the form  
of an iron ring without gem, the use of gold in rings  
being forbidden to ordinary persons. By the  
second century rings made of gold were quite the  
fashion. These usually bore the design of two  
clasped hands with such an inscription as “*Dulcis  
dulci.*” As to the finger on which the betrothal  
ring was worn there seems to have been no defined  
law. Ultimately the third finger was used for  
reasons of convenience, and for the sentimental  
reason that from that finger a nerve ran straight to  
the heart.

## The Happy Warrior

How the world enslaves us by its conventions and robs us of happiness is told by Whittier, in his well-known poem "Maud Muller."

A Judge, riding down a lane on a summer's day, pauses by a spring, and asks a country maiden, standing there, for a drink from its cool waters. She fills for him her small tin cup and blushes as she gives it him, looking down at her bare feet and tattered gown. But as they linger there something wells up in their hearts, they talk of common things, until the Judge forgets his high position, and the maid her lowly one. At last with a sigh and a lingering look into each other's eyes, they part. The Judge pauses on the top of the hill, looks back, sees Maud Muller still standing where he had left her, and then he passes over the hill and is gone. But as he goes the maid longs for his return, and as he journeys the Judge says to himself,

A form more fair, a face more sweet, ne'er hath it been my lot  
to meet,  
And her modest answer and graceful air, show her wise and good as  
she is fair.

He thinks how happy life would be with her,  
amidst the

Low of cattle and song of birds, and health and quiet and loving  
words.

But he recalls his proud sisters, and his mother vain of her rank, and so he crushes the thought of Maud out of his heart, and rides on.

Time passes, Maud marries a man unlearned and poor, and the Judge a woman of fashion and

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

rich. Yet to both come visions of love's young dream, to her in her cottage and to him in his mansion, and as they watch them come and go, they sigh, and say "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, for rich refiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been."

There is a story told of Blake, the mystic, poet, and painter, who was always poor, always unfamed, and always happy, that on one occasion a beautiful lady was brought to see him. He looked at her and said, "May God make this world, my child, as beautiful to you as it has been for me."

A somewhat similar story is told of the late Dean Hole, whose great passion was the growing of roses. When his wife had visitors he used to sit silently till tea was over and then would say: "I should like you to come into my garden, and see my roses." On one occasion a very beautiful young girl was amongst the visitors. Dean Hole gazed at her for a long time, and then said to her, "Will you come into my garden? I should like my roses to see you."

"What is love?" said Seventeen to Thirteen, who was busy with her English lesson.

"I think it is a verb," said John, "and I think it must have been the perfect of live, as—thrive, throve; strive, strove."

"Capital, John," suddenly growled Uncle Oldbuck; "it was that originally, and it will be our

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own faults, children, if it is not more at last, as well as, aye, and more than at first."

*John Brown, "Horæ Subsecivæ."  
2nd Series 299.*

I could not love thee half so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

These lines might be taken as an interpretation of Millais' well-known picture entitled "The Huguenot."

In an old garden two lovers stand bidding each other farewell. It is the dread Eve of St. Bartholomew, when the Protestant party was almost exterminated in the streets of Paris by their relentless enemy. Coming events are casting their shadows before, and to these two there has come the augury of danger. And she, putting love first, ties the white scarf around his arm, which was the badge of the Catholic party, and which would mean safety at the expense of principle. But he with his one hand undoes the scarf while with the other he draws his loved one to him. The artist with great skill has given to his face a steady and noble resolution. He has fought that fight which is the hardest to win, when one noble emotion has to conquer not a base one, but one equally noble, when honour has to prevail against love, so that love might be ennobled.

The victory has been won, though at what cost who can say? and the afterglow is on his face. And she who fain would keep him at any cost sees it, and in her heart acquiesces.

We are brought here face to face with the loftiest things of life—with that moral courage which



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vanquishes the fear of death, and with that high reverence for love which glorifies it even at the expense of life. And this is love indeed—when it will not sacrifice duty or honour for its own gratification, but when it sacrifices itself that duty and honour may be glorified.

Such sacrifice we see exhibited in its highest form in Christ. When the hand of Peter was stretched out to arrest Him on His journey to Jerusalem we read that Christ turned upon him with unaccountable anger. It was the anger of one tempted to escape from death at the expense of duty.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold :—  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?” The Vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord  
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the Angel. Abou spake more low,  
But cheerily still: and said “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”  
The Angel wrote and vanish’d. The next night  
It came again with a great awakening light,  
And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d.  
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

*Leigh Hunt.*

A Russian artist having completed a painting of the “Last Supper” showed it to Tolstoi, and asked him what he thought of his rendering of the central Figure. Tolstoi looked at it and then wheeled



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round on the artist, his eyes blazing with indignation, his voice choked with emotion. "You do not love Him," he cried, "you do not love Him, if you did you would paint Him better."

Gustave Doré was engaged in painting the face of Christ in one of his pictures when a lady entered his studio. As she stood looking at it the painter watched her closely.

"Mr. Doré, why do you look at me so anxiously?" she asked.

"I wanted to watch the impression the face of Christ which I have painted made upon you, and I think you like it."

"Yes, I do," she replied; "and I was thinking as I looked at it that you could not paint Christ's Face like that unless you loved Him."

"Well, I trust that I do," answered Doré, "and that sincerely, but as I love Him *more* I shall paint Him *better*."

The early Christians, who looked upon the whole world of nature as symbolical of spiritual truths, wove around the unicorn the ideas of that strength which comes through a wild nature tamed by love. The symbolical representation of the unicorn had its origin amongst the Persians and Egyptians, to whom it was the symbol of purity and strength. According to Christian legend this fabulous animal, wild and fierce by nature, could not be subdued by any force known to man, but only when caught and tamed by a virgin of pure and holy life.

**Courage.** — Nietzsche only gave expression to a thought vaguely present in the minds of many men

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when he impeached the slave morality of Jesus. But he was wrong. It needs more courage to be meek than to be arrogant, it needs more strength to be merciful than to be vindictive ; self-sacrifice is nobler than self-assertiveness ; it is a manlier thing to serve with Jesus than to conquer with Thor.

*J. H. B. Masterman.*

It is accepted,  
The angry defiance,  
The challenge of battle !  
It is accepted,  
But not with the weapons  
Of war that thou willedest !

Cross against corslet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry for war-cry !  
Patience is powerful.  
He that o'ercometh  
Hath power o'er the nations.

Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit :  
Swifter than arrows  
The light of the truth is,  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth.

*Longfellow, " The Saga of King Olaf."*

Whatever qualities we may deny to the Roman, no one can deny him courage. And this characteristic virtue is all the more honourable and admirable, seeing that his mind was haunted by superstitions and portents, of all things the most enfeebling. His courage was not born of that love which casteth out fear, but was born of a supreme sense of duty which made him go forward in spite of fear. This noble form of courage is finely

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illustrated in a picture by Sir E. J. Poynter in the Manchester Art Gallery, entitled, "The Ides of March." The picture represents the house of Julius Cæsar on the night before he was stabbed by the conspirators. The scene is from Shakespeare's play Act 2, Scene 2. The event as represented by the artist is full of portent and mystery. The house is steeped in heavy shadows, the pillars stand like dim ghosts, the very atmosphere seems laden with apprehension. Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, comes entreatingly to him, urging him not to go forth. She feels the portents of doom weigh upon her heart, she is depressed and alarmed, and pours out her tears to her husband. They affect Cæsar, because he is a man of imagination, but they cannot deflect him from his duty. So he says :

Cowards die many times before their deaths :  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear.  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

"In 1832 there was a Spaniard here. He went on two expeditions with us, wearing a blue coat of some sort . . . they did for him just the same."

"Was he a brave man?" I asked.

"How can I tell? He used to be always in the front; wherever there was firing he was in it."

"Then he must have been brave," I said.

"No, it doesn't follow that a man is brave because he thrusts himself where he isn't wanted."

"What do you call brave then?"

"Brave? Brave?" repeated the Captain, with the air of a man to whom the question has been put

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

for the first time. "He is a brave man who behaves as he ought," he said after a moment's reflection.

*Leo Tolstoi, "The Raid."*

Behind him lay the grey Azores,  
Behind the gates of Hercules.  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said, "Now we must pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone!  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
Why say, "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate,  
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.  
It curls its lip, it lies in wait  
With lifted teeth as if to bite.

"Brave Admiral, say but one good word,  
What shall we do when Hope is gone?"  
The words leaped as a flaming sword,  
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

If, seeing and acknowledging the lies of the world, Arthur, as see them you can with an only too fatal clearness, you submit to them without any protest farther than a laugh; if, plunged yourself in easy sensuality, you allow the whole wretched world to pass groaning by you unmoved; if the fight for the truth is taking place and all men of honour are on the ground armed on the one side or the other, and you alone lie on your balcony and smoke your pipe out of the noise and the danger, you had better have died, or never have been born, than be such a sensual coward.

*Thackeray, "Pendennis," xxiii.*

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Sir W. H. Russell, the war correspondent, tells this characteristic story of General Gordon:

During the Crimean War there was a sortie, and the Russians actually reached the English trench. Gordon stood on the parapet, in great danger of his life, with nothing save his stick in his hand, encouraging the soldiers to drive out the enemy.

"Gordon," they cried, "come down."

But he took no notice, whereon a soldier who was near said to his comrade :

"It's all right ; 'e don't mind being killed. 'E's one of those blessed Christians."

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work time

Greet the unseen with a cheer !  
Bid him forward breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive !" Cry "Speed, fight on, fare ever  
There as here !"

*Browning, Epilogue to "Asolando."*

**Humility.**—In one of the ancient academies the students had a three years' course. In the first year they were called the wise men ; in the second they were called the philosophers, those who wished to be wise men ; in the third year they were called the disciples, learners.

He that is down need fear no fall,

He that is low no pride,

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his Guide.

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A characteristic story is told of the late Principal Cairns, one of the most simple-minded and humble of men. Attending a great public meeting on one occasion in Edinburgh, which was densely crowded, his appearance on the platform was received with loud cheers. Never imagining that this was for himself he turned and saw following him a man of diminutive stature, and totally unknown. Taking him to be the object of popular applause he stepped aside to let him pass, and as he did so began enthusiastically to join in the clapping. This act, so characteristic of the man, was received with uproarious delight, and fairly brought down the house.

Somehow, gentle as he was, he was never familiar. He had a kind of innate nobility which marked him out as above us. He was not democratic. He was rather the justification for aristocracy. We all knew instinctively that he was our superior—a man of finer temper than ourselves, a “toff” in his own right. I suppose that that was why he could be so humble without loss of dignity. For he was humble, too, if that is the right word, and I think it is. No trouble of ours was too small for him to attend to. When we started route marches, for instance, and our feet were blistered and sore, as they often were at first, you would have thought that they were his own feet from the trouble he took. Of course after the march there was always an inspection of feet. That is the routine. But with him it was no mere routine. He came into our rooms, and if any one had a sore foot he would kneel down on the floor and look at it as carefully as if he had been a doctor.

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Then he would prescribe, and the remedies were ready at hand, being borne by a sergeant. If a blister had to be lanced he would very likely lance it himself there and then, so as to make sure that it was done with a clean needle, and that no dirt was allowed to get in. There was no affectation about this, no striving after effect. It was simply that he felt that our feet were pretty important, and that he knew that we were pretty careless. So he thought it best at the start to see to the matter himself. Nevertheless, there was in our eyes something almost religious about this care for our feet. It seemed to have a touch of the Christ about it, and we loved and honoured him the more.

*Donald Hankey, "The Beloved Captain."*

Jesus, who deemd'st it not unmeet  
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,  
Though Thou wert Lord of all;  
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,  
That they who self-abasement seek  
Alone shall fear no fall.

*Faber.*



## CHAPTER IV

### CONDUCT AND CHARACTER

#### Purpose in Life.

Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize be it what it will !

\* \* \* \*

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.

*Browning, "The Statue and the Bust."*

Morley says of Gladstone :

"He was in quietude or movement always a man with a purpose, and never the loiterer or loungee, never apathetic, never a sufferer from that worst malady of the human soul—from cheerlessness and cold."

Seeley says in his "Ecce Homo" that the sin which Christ most rigorously condemned was the sin to which the modern Church is most prone, the sin of insipidity. Pious commonplaces in the presence of great moral issues.

In his scathing criticism of Bertrand Barère, Macaulay tells us that the subject of his strictures was a man "who employed phrases in which orators of his class delight, and which on all men who have the smallest insight into politics produce the effect very similar to that of ipecacuanha !"

There are a thousand good lives possible, of which we may have one, lives which are soundly



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good, or a thousand bad lives if you like, lives which are thoroughly bad. That's the old and perpetual choice, that has always been, but what is more evident to me, more remarkable and disconcerting is that there are nowadays ten thousand muddled lives lacking even so much moral definition, even so much consistency as is necessary for us to call them either good or bad ; they are planless, indeterminate lives, more and more of them, opening out as the possible lives before us, a perfect wilderness between salvation and damnation, a wilderness so vast and crowded that at last it seems as though the way to either hell or heaven would be lost in its interminable futility. )

*H. G. Wells, "The Research Magnificent."*

We have in Scott's poetry a contrast of two kinds of life. The first tells us to run no risks, so that we might live easily and die quietly in our beds.

Look not thou on beauty's charming,—  
Sit thou still when kings are arming.—  
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—  
Speak not when the people listens—  
Stop thine ear against the singer,—  
From the red gold keep thy finger.—  
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,  
Easy live and quiet die.

To live at ease, escaping every danger, and avoiding every duty, and so to die in peace was not Scott's object in life. He scorned the indolent and easy way, and so we have this other ideal offered by way of contrast which should appeal to all adventurous hearts :

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

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There are two Latin words for man. The one is "homo," which means merely man as an animal distinguished from any other animal as a horse or a dog. The other word is "vir," and this means a man in the noblest sense of the word, a man with all his sovereign worth, made in the image of God. From this word "vir" comes the word "virtue," so that manliness and virtue are one. To be a true man is to be not an animal but a hero.

The most heroic days in English history were doubtless the days of good Queen Bess, the days when ships sailed out from tiny ports in quest of adventure, and men came back telling wondrous stories. But no words, perhaps, express better the spirit of these men and days than a letter written by one of these seamen to Elizabeth asking leave to attack the ships of Philip, then lying off the banks of Newfoundland. "Give me five vessels," he says, "and I will go and sink them all, and the galleons shall rot in Cadiz harbour for want of hands to sail them. But decide, Madam, and decide quickly. Time flies and will not return. The wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death."

To Browning, says Professor Jones, morality always presents itself under the guise of warfare. It is not a mere equilibrium of qualities—the measured, self-contained, statuesque ethics of the Greeks, nor the asceticism and self-restraint of puritanism, nor the peaceful evolution of Goethe's artistic morality: it is *valour in the battle of life*. He bids each man let out all the power that is within him, and throw himself upon life with all

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the energy of his being. Man advances morally by fighting his way inch by inch, and he gains nothing except through conflict.

No, when the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,  
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—  
He's left himself, i' the middle: the soul awakes  
And grows. Prolong that battle through this life!  
Never leave growing till the life to come.

*Bishop Blougram.*

**Duty.**—One conviction I have gained from the experience of the last years—life is not jest and amusement; life isn't even enjoyment . . . life is hard labour. Renunciation, continual renunciation—that is its sacred meaning, its solution. Not the fulfilment of cherished dreams and aspirations, however lofty they may be—the fulfilment of duty; that is what must be the care of man. Without laying on himself chains, the iron chains of duty, he cannot reach without a fall the end of his career.

*Ivan Turgenev, "A Lear of the Steppes."*

Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty. The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. The Ideal is in thyself.

*Carlyle, "Sartor Resartus."*

Give unto me, made lowly wise  
The spirit of self-sacrifice.  
The confidence of reason give:  
And in the light of truth, thy bondman let me live.

*Wordsworth, "Ode to Duty."*

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

To him (Carlyle) God's existence was not an agreeable probability, a fact dependent for its certainty on Church authority, or on Apostolic succession, or on so-called histories we might possibly prove to be no more than legends, but an awful reality to which the fates of nations, the fate of each individual man bore perpetual witness. Here and here only lay the sanction and the meaning of the word Duty. We are to do our work not because it would prove expedient and we were to be rewarded, but because we were bound to do it by our Master's orders. We were to be just and true because God abhorred wrong and hated lies, and because an account of our words and deeds was literally demanded of us.

*Froude, "Life of Carlyle."*

What care I for cast or creed ?  
It is the deed, it is the deed !  
What for class, or what for clan ?  
It is the man, it is the man !  
It is of love and joy and woe,  
For who is high and who is low,  
Mountain, valley, sky and sea  
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe or stole ?  
It is the soul, it is the soul !  
What for the crown or what for chest ?  
It is the soul within the breast,  
It is the faith, it is the hope,  
It is the struggle up the slope,  
It is the brain and the eye to see,  
One God and one humanity.

*Robert Loveman, in the "Christian Century."*

In St. Paul's the great monument to Wellington dominates the central aisle. It lifts its noble pro-

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portions almost to the arch, and the sun falling through the richly coloured glass, lights it with a mellow glory. What was the secret of this great soldier's life, which won for him the admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and his place of honour in this great shrine? It is summed up in Tennyson's noble line :

The path of duty is the way to glory.

An American writer tells the story of going one day into the private office of a prominent business man and seeing over his desk a large white card on which were printed in red ink the two letters U.S.

"You seem to be patriotic," he said, indicating the card.

"Yes," replied the business man. Then he continued, "That may stand for the United States, or for Uncle Sam, but here it means something else."

"What does it mean?"

"That U.S. means Universal Spirit."

"A queer thing for a business office, surely. I did not know that you were a religious man."

"I'm not precisely what is meant by that term," the business man answered. And then he went on, musingly :

"There is somebody or other who is running this Universe, sitting in the private office somewhere, and having the last word about everything, shaping the policy of all creation just as I manage my concern. I am His clerk. I get my day's wages. What He says goes. I can't cheat Him, dodge Him, or beat Him."

"What good does it do you to have this card here?" the friend inquired.

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"It reminds me of my duty," he replied. "It reminds me that my life is not my own, that there is One to whom I must render an account for all I do."

"The other day," he went on, "I called a young fellow in here, and told him what that card stands for. Then I set him down in front of it and told him to look at it for an hour and to think. He had been getting a little frisky. I just let him alone with that card for a while. When I came back after an hour there was a changed look in his eyes. The U.S. thought had smashed into him."

Now these are the laws of the jungle,  
And many and mighty are they :  
But the head and the hoof of the law,  
And the haunch and the hump is—obey !

*R. Kipling.*

**Work.**—It was a principle of Loyola's on every arduous occasion to exert his natural ability of mind and body with all possible energy, as if no divine aid or guidance were to be looked for, and then having done so, and when thus employed, to seek that aid and guidance with a simple fervour, and an absolute reliance, as if human faculties of intelligence and power were wholly incapable of attaining the work in hand.

In Dante's "Purgatory" Balacque, the old Florentine instrument-maker, "more careless than if Sloth were his sister," is asked why he remains in the chill shadows of Purgatory, why he never rouses himself, and makes an effort to escape. He answers :

Brother : what avails it to go up ?

## Conduct and Character

George Eliot opens her great novel "Adam Bede" with a scene in a workshop, and depicts with her unerring hand the difference between the honest and dishonest workman, the one who loves his work and takes a pride in it, the other who is not a workman but a wage-earner, and as such scamps his work. The following is the passage :

"All hands worked on in silence for some minutes, until the church clock began to strike six. Before the first stroke had died away, Sandy Jim had loosed his plane and was reaching for his jacket ; Wiry Ben had left a screw half driven in, and thrown his screwdriver into his tool-basket. Mum Taft had flung down his hammer as he was in the act of lifting it, and Seth, too, had straightened his back and was putting out his hand toward his paper cap. Adam alone had gone on with his work as if nothing had happened. But observing the cessation of the tools, he looked up, and said in a tone of indignation :

"Look there, now ! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he had never a bit o' pride and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,  
The sloth, the intellectual pride,  
The trivial jest that veils the goal  
For which our fathers lived and died :  
The lawless dreams, the cynic art  
That rend thy nobler self apart. . . . ,



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Once more redeemed and healed and whole  
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

*Alfred Noyes*, in "The Searchlights."

There is a legend in the Greek Church about her two favoured saints, St. Cassianus, the type of monastic asceticism, and St. Nicholas, the type of genial, active, unselfish Christianity.

St. Cassianus enters heaven, and Christ says :  
"What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?"

"I saw," he said, "a peasant floundering with his waggon in a marsh."

"Didst thou help him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was coming before Thee, and I was afraid of soiling my white robes."

Then St. Nicholas enters heaven, all covered with mud and mire.

"Why so stained and soiled, St. Nicholas?" saith the Lord.

"I saw a peasant floundering in a marsh," he replied, "and I put my shoulder to the wheel and helped him out."

"Blessed art thou," answered the Lord, "thou didst well, thou didst better than Cassianus."

And He blessed St. Nicholas with four-fold approval.

*Arch. Farrar.*

**Freedom.**—"You do not know what you are advising us to do," replied the Spartans to a Persian envoy who urged them to submit to Xerxes, "for you know what it is to be a slave, but the sweetness of freedom you have never tasted. If you felt it,



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you would tell us to fight for it, not with spears only but with axes."

It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
The land where, girt with friends or foes  
A man may speak the thing he will. . . .  
Where Freedom broadens slowly down  
From precedent to precedent.

*Tennyson.*

"Outside the Bible, and other books of religion," says J. T. Hackett, "I think it would be difficult to find any single passage in the world's literature that produced so wonderful a result as the following passage of Tom Paine's. It was the opening passage in the first number of 'The Crisis,' and was written by miserable, flaring candle-light when Paine was a private in Washington's ill-clad, worn-out army at Trenton. The soldiers, who were then despairing from hardship and defeat, were roused by these words to such enthusiasm that next day they rushed bravely in and won the first American victory, which turned the tide of the American War of Independence."

"These are times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered: yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives anything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods, and it would be

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strange indeed if so celestial an article as *Freedom* should not be highly rated."

If ye do not feel the chain  
When it works a brother's pain  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?  
Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for your own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true Freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear.  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free.

*Lowell.*

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are born equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work

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which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us : that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom ; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

*Lincoln, Speech at Gettysburg (1863).*

By Oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !—  
Let us do or die !

*Burns.*

We are all kings in the kingdom of our king.  
Were it not so, how could we hope in our heart to meet him !  
We do what we like, yet we do what he likes :  
We are not bound with the chain of fear at the feet of a slave-  
owning king.

Were it not so, how could we hope in our heart to meet him !  
Our king honours each one of us, thus honours his own very  
self.

No littleness can keep us shut up in its walls of untruth for aye.  
Were it not so, how could we hope in our heart to meet him !  
We struggle and dig our own path, thus reach his path at the  
end.

We can never get lost in the abyss of dark night.  
Were it not so, how could we hope in our heart to meet him !

*Rabindranath Tagore.*

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**Independence.**—To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.

R. L. S.

A rich merchant of Genoa commissioned Donatello to carve for him a colossal head. When the model was finished the Genoese objected to the price, saying that he had only been engaged a month on it, and that the sum asked was equal to half a florin a day. Donatello, turning round, exclaimed that it was possible in a moment to spoil the work of a year, and with a sudden push he threw the head to the ground where it broke into a hundred pieces.

No argument or offer of money could persuade him to re-make it. "It was clear," he said, "that the purchaser ought to confine himself to vegetables and leave art alone."

A story is told of the artist Vereschagin that having received a command from Alexander III, the Czar of all the Russias, to paint a picture for him, he at once set to work and produced one of his finest canvases. He called his picture "Our Prisoners," and greatly daring sent it to the Czar. It showed a group of Turkish prisoners of war falling to the ground under the brutal blows of their Russian escort. The Czar was little pleased. He expected flattery, and instead he had been told an unpalatable truth. He hid his chagrin, however, and expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of the painter. The day was fixed, and Vereschagin travelled from Paris to Petersburg. When he

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arrived at the palace he was told that the Czar had no time to see him, and that he must wait until he was sent for. As soon as he had received this message Vereschagin returned to Paris. On the following day a chamberlain from the palace called at the hotel where the painter had been staying, and asked in a peremptory manner for the artist, only to be told that he was gone. "What!" exclaimed the horrified courtier, "he is gone, and the Czar is waiting to-day to receive him! Did he leave any message?" "Yes," the proprietor replied, "he left word to say, if anyone called, that he had no time to wait."

The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

*Burns.*

One of the most famous passages in literature is the letter sent by Dr. Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield. A well-known picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., represents the famous lexicographer sitting in the ante-chamber of the famous Earl amidst a crowd of suitors, but he found his attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer him to continue it. When fame began to be attached to the name of Johnson, the Earl assumed the rôle of his patron. The following is the concluding part of Johnson's letter :

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your doors, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at

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last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, but I never had a patron before. . . .

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less: for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord.  
Your lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities and a' that:  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

*Burns.*

## CHAPTER V

### THE ORDEAL OF SIN AND TEMPTATION

**Sin.**—"When you are examining yourself," says Ruskin, "never call yourself a sinner. That is cheap abuse and utterly useless ; call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, etc., if indeed you find yourself to be any of them."

A ward, and still in bonds, one day  
I stole abroad.  
It was high spring, and all the way  
Primrosed and hung with shade :  
Yet was it frost within :  
And surly winds  
Blasted my infant buds, and sin  
Like clouds eclipsed my mind.

*Henry Vaughan.*

The ancient Greeks represent that type of mind which we sum up in the term "worldliness." R. W. Livingstone, in his book "The Greek Genius and its meaning to us," says : "The Greeks had no sense of sin. They regarded their offences as shortcomings and called them *ἁμαρτίαι*—*hamartiai*, 'bad shots.' Such things were bound to happen, and when they happened they were best forgotten. Useless to spend thought and remorse on bad shots : it is best to go forward and improve the aim next time. But to St. Paul departures from the path of righteousness are not shortcomings or misses or frailties or failures, but *sins* ; and sin is



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something haunting, irreparable (except for Divine intervention), and once committed, standing as 'all eternity's offence.' "

This difference of attitude between the Greek and the Hebrew conception may be illustrated by the following passage from Euripides ("Ion," 1326 ff.). In a fit of jealousy a woman tries to poison a youth whom she supposes to be her stepson. The plot is discovered and he in his turn proposes to kill her. The priestess of Apollo checks him. "Did you hear," he asks, "that she intended to kill me?" "Yes," replies the priestess, "but your savage temper is wrong." "May I not kill those who try to kill me?" he objects. And how does the priestess answer him? With indignation? With protests against such impious talk? With threatenings of divine anger against wrongdoing? Not at all. "Women, you know," says the priestess, "always do hate a stepson." And at this appeal to common sense the boy lays his *ὀμότης* aside.

I was out in the woods with my boy once. Suddenly he asked me a question.

"Father," he said, "what is sin?"

I did not answer the lad's question at once. I begged to be excused, and promised him that we should come out to the same spot on the following day, and at the same hour I would answer his question.

Never in all my life have I taken so much time and trouble to answer a question.

I went next morning early into the city. I purchased a whole outfit of archery—a fine large target with rings, a sheaf of arrows, and a bow.



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An hour before the appointed time, I went to the pine-grove. I set up the target and arranged the bows and arrows. When all was ready I went for the lad. . . .

When he saw the target a torrent of questions poured out.

"Never mind where it came from," I said, "let us have a few shots at it ; but there is something you must do for me before we begin. I want you to learn one word—learn how to pronounce it, and know its meaning.

"While you are shooting, I will be the marker, and call out the score. In old Greece, when they played at this game, the marker had a word that he shouted out every time the arrow missed the target. We will use that word as the Greeks used it. The word is 'HAMARTIAI.'"

He pronounced it half a dozen times and was impatient to begin. I let him shoot first. Every time he missed the target I shouted at the top of my voice, "Hamartiai !" . . .

When the game was over we sat down, and I explained.

"You asked me yesterday what sin was. Do you remember ?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, I have given you the answer. Sin is missing the mark !"

I need not carry the story farther. What is the mark ? Paul in the Ephesians says, "This one thing I do. . . . I press toward the mark." This was his "high calling."

Sin is not a mere negation, or catalogue of negations. It is low aiming ! Therefore aim high.

*Dr. Alexander Irvine.*

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Life is a sheet of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes night.  
Though thou have time  
But for a line—be that sublime  
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

*James R. Lowell.*

In Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," the young Master of Ravenswood is represented sitting brooding over the wrongs of his house when the riotous guests, who had assembled at his father's funeral, were departed. "The peasant who shows the ruins of the tower which still crown the beetling cliffs, and behold the war of the waves, tho' no more tenanted save by the sea-mew and the cormorant, even yet affirms, that on that fatal night the Master of Ravenswood, by the bitter exclamations of his despair, evoked some evil fiend, under whose malignant influence the future tissue of incidents was woven. Alas," says Sir Walter, "what fiend can suggest more desperate counsels than those adopted under the guidance of our own violent and unresisted passions !"

Shakespeare draws his corrupt soul, not in Lady Macbeth washing her blood-stained hands, not in Richard III aghast at the procession of the murdered which seems to stretch out to the crack of doom, but in Iago, whom neither innocence, nor honour, nor trust, nor love will move.

When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now.  
So I will turn her virtue into pitch,  
And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.

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**Evil Companionship.** There is a passage, full of pathetic warning, in Du Maurier's "Trilby," in which Little Billee for the first time becomes intoxicated :

"And when, after some forty-eight hours or so, he had quite slept off the fumes of that memorable Christmas debauch, he found that a sad thing had happened to him, and a strange !

"It was as though a tarnishing breath had swept over the reminiscent mirror of his mind and left a little film behind it, so that no past thing he wished to see therein was reflected with quite the same pristine clearness. As though the keen, quick, razor-like edge of his power to reach and re-evoke the bye-gone charm and glamour and essence of things had been blunted and coarsened. As though the bloom of that special joy, the gift he unconsciously had of recalling past emotions and sensations and situations, and making them actual once more by a mere effort of the will, had been brushed away.

"And he never recovered the full use of that most precious faculty, the boon of youth and happy childhood, and which he had once possessed, without knowing it, in such singular and exceptional completeness."

Psychologists have taught us how, caught in a crowd, we are swept away by its mass feeling and excitements, and carried into activities of good or evil. One of the best-known illustrations of this is the story told by Augustus of his friend Alypius. He had by his companions been dragged to a gladiatorial show, protesting all the time that

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though they dragged him thither they could not force him to look. So as the fight began he closed his eyes. Suddenly as the roar of the crowd full of savage delight struck against his ears, a passionate longing to look seized him. He excused himself by professing that he could look and yet despise the sight. He looked, and in a moment was swept away by the intoxication which was sweeping through the crowd. "He was no longer the man who came in, but one of the crowd, a very mate of those who brought him. He shouted, applauded, blazed with excitement; he carried home with him the infatuation which might goad him to return with them who drew him hither. Yea, even before them, and draw in others. Yet thence didst Thou with most strong and merciful hand pluck him, and didst teach him to put his trust not in himself but in Thee. But not till long afterwards."

**(Moral Cowardice.**—Augustine in a passage of subtle insight tells how in his hot and tempestuous youth he by a false pride sought to keep pace with, and even to outrival, his gay companions.

"Among my equals," he says, "I was ashamed of being less shameless than others when I heard them boast of their wickedness . . . and I took pleasure, not only in the pleasure of the deed, but in the praise . . . I made myself worse than I was, that I might not be reproached; and, when in anything I had not sinned as the most abandoned ones, I would say that I had done what I had not done, that I might not seem contemptible. . . . I had my back to the light, and my face to the

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things enlightened, whence my face was not enlightened."

"Confessions."

Carlyle, in a graphic passage in "Sartor Resartus," tells us how he conquered that fear which he felt constantly sapping his vitality.

"Passing through the streets of Paris, perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French capital, there suddenly arose a thought in me, 'What *art* thou afraid of?' Wherefore like a coward dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped, what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death. Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatever it be? Let it come, then—I will meet it, I will defy it. And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me for ever."

## Degeneracy.

He had the poet's heart, and God help all  
Who have that heart, and somehow lose their way  
For lack of helm, souls that are blown aboard  
By the great wings of passion, without power  
To sway them. Chartless captains. Multitudes ply  
Trimly enough from bank to bank of Thames  
Like shallow wherries, while tall galleons,  
Out of their very beauty driven to dare  
The uncompassed sea, founder in starless night.

*Alfred Noyes.*

Readers of Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" will remember the striking passage in which the Master, leaving the ancestral home with the evil intention of pursuing his brother, pauses for a

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moment to look back, and to listen to the singing of the song "Home was then home to me." For a moment a softer light hovers in his fierce eye, and turning to his faithful servant, he says :

"Ah ! Mackellar, do you think I have never a regret ? "

"I do not think," says Mackellar, "that you could be so bad a man if you had not all the machinery to be a good one."

"No, not all ; not all," replied the Master of Ballantrae. "You are in error there. The malady of not wanting my evangelist."

"But," adds Mackellar, "methinks he sighed as he mounted again into the chaise."

In his essay on "Old Mortality," R. L. Stevenson describes the career of a brilliant, soulless fellow-undergraduate, "most beautiful in person, most serene and genial by disposition . . . a noble figure of youth, but following vanity and incredulous of good ; and sure enough, somewhere on the high seas of life with his health, his hopes, his patrimony, and his self-respect, he miserably went down. . . . Thus was our old comrade, like Samson, careless in the days of his strength."

If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think very little of robbing, and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon the downward path you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

*De Quincey.*



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There is no more powerful piece of portraiture in English literature than George Eliot's representation of Tito Melema in "Romola." He appears at first a youth of infinite charm of manner and grace of form. He is not vicious, he has no desire to do evil, he is good-natured, has a happy disposition, and a winning smile. But instinctively also he recoils from hardship, from the pain of self-denial, from irksome duties. With his subtlety of mind he easily convinces himself that it is his duty to take the easy path, and that inclination and right are synonymous. So by almost imperceptible steps he gradually sinks in the scale of being. Right and wrong cease to confront each other, but meet and harmonize according to his will. Slowly he becomes entangled in vice, his nature becomes twisted and callous, he betrays every trust, and dies a villain, leaving behind him lives that by him have been ruined and broken and betrayed.

An illustration of the corrupting effect of idleness is found in the life and character of that degraded monarch, Louis XV. A sickly child, he was excused all mental effort and spared every exertion, his will was uncurbed, and his character untrained. The result was a degraded, worthless and sensual life, which corrupted the Court and sowed the seeds of Revolution. "Ennui was not with him, as with 'Le Grand Monarque,' the tardy fruit of old age and disappointed ambition; it was a chronic malady which afflicted him from his boyhood, a malady which rendered impotent all the faculties with which Nature had endowed him, which enfeebled the will, stifled the voice of conscience, which rendered him alike indifferent to



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the claims of duty and the dictates of honour, which, in short, degraded monarchy itself in his person until the witty Abbé Galiani declared that Louis had made the trade of king the most ignoble one in the whole world."

**The Sin of Gambling.**—Hogarth has a picture which he calls "The Gaming House." He has drawn a company of men around the gaming table, lost to all sense and sound through their absorption in the chances of the dice. Some are wrapt up in the gratification of their gains. Others are cast into despair at their losses. But the house is on fire. The flames are breaking through the roof. The night-watchman has burst in and is calling aloud to the gamblers to escape for their lives. But they are so intent on the fortune of the game that they neither hear nor heed. *A. M. Clow.*

One of the most popular paintings of the Naturalist School is that of Caravaggio, in the Dresden Gallery, called "The Cheat."

Two youths, so far sunk in vileness as to combine to ruin an innocent boy, have enticed him to play cards with them. During the play, however, one handles the cards, while the other looking over the shoulder of the unsuspecting youth, gives signs to his confederate by holding up his fingers. The poor little dupe, a youth with a sweet expression, and ignorant of the ways of villainy, is poring over the cards evidently wondering at his non-success, while the pile of money in front of him, some friend's kind gift, no doubt, is rapidly diminishing. The boy engaged in play lifts a mean-spirited and cunning face to read the signs given by his companion behind, whose sinister eyes gleam

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dangerously above the cloak which hides the rest of his features. The character of the company and the danger the poor youth is in is further suggested by the dagger which the evil companion behind has ready for any emergency.

Lord Rosebery in his monograph of Napoleon, says : "Napoleon's character was profoundly affected by the gambling of warfare. The star of his destiny, which bulked so largely in his mind, was but the luck of the gambler on the vast scale. He had also in full measure the gross and petty superstitions which ordinarily accompany the vice. And so, even in his most desperate straits, he cannot bring himself to close the account and sign a peace, for he always cherishes the gambler's hope that fortune, or the star of destiny, or whatever it may be called, may yet produce another transformation, and restore all his losses by a sudden stroke."

**Jealousy.**—There are few sins which create a greater torture of unhappiness than jealousy. To have a jealous nature is to be exposed to an incessant gnawing of the heart. It accompanies many through life, but it exerts its baneful influence most in youth. It poisons the home life where sons and daughters are jealous of each other, and where jealousy exists amongst lovers all that is best vanishes in a ceaseless self-torture and suspicion.

O ! beware of jealousy :  
It is the green-eyed monster that doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.

Trifles light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of Holy Writ.

*Shakespeare.*

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When Jeanie Deans received a letter from her sister, telling her that she had become a great lady, the canker of jealousy began to gnaw at her heart. Sitting down upon a stool at the foot of the bed she folded her arms upon her bosom, saying within herself : " From this place will I not rise till I am in a better frame of mind," and so placed, by dint of tearing the veil from the motives of her little temporary spleen against her sister, she compelled herself to be ashamed of them, and to view as blessings the advantage of her sister's lot.

*Walter Scott*, " The Heart of Midlothian."

Jealousy is a terrible thing. It resembles love, only it is precisely love's contrary. Instead of wishing for the welfare of the object loved, it desires the dependence of that object upon itself, and its own triumph. Love is the forgetfulness of self ; jealousy is the most passionate form of egotism, the glorification of a despotic, exacting and vain ego, which can neither forget nor subordinate itself.

" Amiel's Journal."

G. F. Watts has a picture entitled " Aristides and the Shepherds " which deals with a well-known story of Greek history. Aristides was one of the greatest statesmen of Greece, and a man superior to all selfish ambitions. Notwithstanding this, to the jealous Greeks his very popularity was a cause of offence, and through the secret machinations of his enemies he was accused and in 484 B.C. was banished from Athens for ten years. It was said that while the ballot was being taken which resulted in his banishment he was met by a shepherd who asked him to write " Aristides " on the oyster-shell

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which was the ballot-paper of those days. Aristides did so and then quietly asked the man, "Why dost thou wish for Aristides' banishment?" "Because," was the reply, "I am tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'"

**Pride.**—"If you want to realize your own importance," said Robert Burdette, humorist and preacher, "put your finger into a bowl of water, take it out, and look at the hole."

Thou canst not prove the nameless, O my son,  
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in;  
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,  
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:  
Thou canst not prove that thou art immortal, no,  
Nor yet that thou art mortal. Nay, my son,  
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee  
Am not thyself in converse with thyself.  
For nothing worthy proving can be proved  
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise  
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,  
And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith.

*Tennyson, "The Ancient Sage."*

To realize the mediæval conception of deadly sin we have to turn to Art, to Folk-lore, or to the Morality Plays which occupied so prominent a place in the education of the peasant and the serf. The following questions, taken from a fifteenth-century work entitled "Instructions to Parish Priests," by John Myre, indicate the different branches of the sin of Pride as they appeared to the moralists of that day. Pride has always been regarded as the foundation sin from whose root all others spring, and therefore it is given the first

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place in the "shrift father's examination": "Is the penitent a boaster, making proclamation of his good deeds; or fraudulent, having appropriated the good deeds of others? Has he, for the sake of getting honour from man, disparaged or oppressed his neighbour? Is he vain of his personal beauty, his apparel, or his worldly possessions? or has he treated contemptuously those who lack these things? Is his pride spiritual, does he boast his virtue or his holiness? These must be purged by Contrition and Penitence."

Doré in his "Illustrations of Dante" depicts with fine effect that incident in the Purgatory where the poet sees a number of spirits labouring under heavy weights of stone. These are the souls of those who on earth have been guilty of the sin of Pride; whose heart was haughty so that they refused to bow the knee or bend the back. Now their backs are crushed down under the grievous load which the artist represents them as carrying. Upon the rock around which the guilty expiate their sin, are seen huge sculptured illustrations of men whose pride had made them infamous in history.

Egotism can only find a lodgment in shallow natures, and it betrays itself through the unconsciousness of the possessor. His boasts which are so convincing to himself only betray his shallowness to others. "We paint," says Vasari, "six paintings in a year, while the earlier masters took six years for one painting." Here is the Egotist speaking, here is egotism at work blinding the eyes and judgment. He does not see how his boast,

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instead of impressing us, only holds him up to contempt ; or how his estimate of Art by bulk and rapidity of output, reveals his insincerity as craftsman and critic.

When the Soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer ;  
When the Soul mounting higher,  
To God comes no nigher ;

*God  
(forgetting)*

When the Arch-Fiend, Pride,  
Mounts at her side,  
Foiling her high emprise,  
Sealing her eagle eyes,  
And, when she fain would soar,  
Makes idols to adore,—  
Changing the pure emotion  
Of her high devotion  
To a skin-deep sense  
Of her own eloquence,  
Strong to deceive, Strong to enslave,—  
Save, oh ! save.

*M Arnold.*

## Temptation.

Arise and fly  
The reeling Fawn, the sensual feast :  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die.

Shun the hot swamps of voluptuousness.

*Tennyson.*

According to the Greeks there was an island tenanted by Circe and the siren's beautiful women, who sang intoxicating songs as the ships sailed past, and drew men ashore to their doom. There were two ways of escape.

When the vessel containing Ulysses and his followers passed the island their leader filled their



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ears with wax and bound himself by ropes to the mast. So the songs were unheard because the sailors were deaf to them, or could not lure because of the self-imposed chains.

But when the Argonauts, in search of the Golden Fleece, passed that way Orpheus led them safely past the peril of seduction, for, taking his lyre he sang a sweeter song which filled the heart with a purer melody.

And of the two that of Orpheus was the better way. Deadening the ears, or binding oneself by the iron chains of the will, sometimes succeeds, but oft-times fails. He whose ears are filled by heavenly music alone is invulnerable.

**Sin's Punishment.**—In the Academy of 1901 there was exhibited a beautiful picture entitled "Queen Guinevere at Almesbury." To the "holy house of Almesbury" the Queen fled after her love for Launcelot had been discovered. There, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, a little novice is given to her by the nuns to ease by her companionship her distracted mind. The Queen is represented as seated under a tree in the garden while the nuns all white clad and pure in face and soul walk the sunny paths. At the Queen's feet the little novice sits singing to her, and babbling, trying to ease her pain, and beguile the time. But not by such means can a guilty conscience find peace. The guileless chatter of the little novice only increases her anguish of soul :

Will the child kill me with her foolish prate? . . .  
O closed about with narrowing nunnery walls,  
What knowest thou of the world and all its lights,  
And shadows, all the wealth, and all the woe.



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The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a flâneur, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Tired of being on the heights I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensation. What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me, and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud from the house-top. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace.

*Oscar Wilde, "De Profundis."*

Distracted with care and anguish,  
When hearts despairing languish,  
Madly they seek for comfort  
Where it doth ne'er abide.

For us no rest remaineth,  
If earth our love retaineth  
And heaven we cast aside.

Relief he only gaineth,  
And peace at last attaineth,  
Whom God vouchsafes to guide.

Keats in his poem "La belle dame sans merci" tells how a knight is found wandering along the meads alone and palely loitering.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

The knight tells how that he met a lady in the meads, "full beautiful, a faery's child," how she beguiled him and led him to her elfin grot and steeped his senses in forgetfulness.

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—ah! woe betide  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill-side.

I saw pale kings and princes, too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:  
They cried, "La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill-side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

In the long history of Venice there were but two serious attempts at Revolution. The first was an attempt to overthrow the State in 1310 by Baga-monte Tiepolo, a man who was greatly honoured and trusted by the people, but who betrayed their trust, and who sought to use it for base ends. Being discovered as a conspirator he was put to death, his palace was razed to the ground, and on its site there was erected a "Stone of Infamy" recording his eternal disgrace as a warning to all.

# The Ordeal of Sin and Temptation

The second conspirator against the State was the aged Doge Marino Faliero in 1364. To him no stone of infamy was raised, but the visitor to the Hall of the Great Council in the Palace of the Doges, as he walks along looking at the portraits of those who occupied the highest position in the State, is suddenly arrested by a blank in the succession. Here is no portrait, but a simple black veil, bearing in white letters the words : "Here is the place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes." No elaborate account could match the startling simplicity of this inscription, or brand with such eternal infamy his name. All that he might have been, all that he failed to be, the dreadful warning of how a wrong-doing may bring the noblest to the dust, and cover him for ever with shame, is here.

Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells ?

*Marlowe.*

"Let us take heed lest we drift." The danger of drifting is powerfully illustrated in that chapter in the "Mill on the Floss" which is headed "Borne along by the Tide." Maggie Tulliver did not mean to steal the heart of Stephen Guest from her cousin Lucy, but she listened, and unconsciously was yielding all the time. At last, one day they go out in a boat together. She yields to the spell of Stephen's presence, while all the time the tide is silently carrying them down the river, until at last she wakes from her dream and sees that the banks have widened, and they are near the open sea. It was the tide which had done it. There was no

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moment of yielding, but also no moment of struggle, until at last there came the dreadful realization that Nemesis had overtaken her.

“History,” says Froude, “is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the law of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written upon the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust and vanity the price must be paid at last : not always by the chief offenders, but paid by someone. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long lived, but doomsday comes at last.”

The smallest present victory over an evil temper, the slightest possible exertion in the cause of charity, the power to say *No* on one actual occasion to the rising of a sinful desire or to the indulgence of a dangerous inclination, is worth far more as a proof of the in-working of the Saviour's love than any amount of trustful hope, of touching tenderness, or rapt contemplation.

*Dr. Vaughan.*

Rich indeed in moral instruction was the life of Charles Lamb ; and perhaps in one result it offers to the thoughtful observer a lesson of consolation that is awful, and of hope that ought to be immortal, namely, in the record which it furnishes, that by meekness of submission, and by earnest conflict of evil, in the spirit of cheerfulness, it is possible ultimately to disarm or blunt the very heaviest of curses, even the curse of lunacy.

*De Quincey.*

PART III

THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE



## CHAPTER I

### THE SANCTITIES OF HOME

“She made home happy.”—*Words written on a tombstone.*

“Far from home.”—*Words pencilled on a milestone on a bleak hill-side.*

“England is a land of homes.”—*American poetess.*

The first sure symptom of a mind in health  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

*Young.*

**The Appeal of Home.**—It is a curious and suggestive fact that while a restless energy is the characteristic of the British race, the most numerous and the most popular paintings are those which express home and rest. Evening, when the day's work is over, when the sky is reddening in the west, when the cottager turns toward home, and the soft shadows of the night descend : or autumn, when the fires are first lighted, and when the interiors and rooms become cosy and warm—these are the subjects which appeal to the great majority and which are always popular. In the heart of this restless energy which scatters our fellow-countrymen across the world there remains the hunger for peace and rest.

**The Eternities.**—Spreading around us on every side to-day like a huge and radiating geometrical



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figure are the endless branches of the great city. There are times when we are almost stricken crazy, as well we may be, by the multiplicity of those appalling perspectives, the frantic arithmetic of that unthinking population. But this thought of ours is nothing but a fancy. There are no chains of houses, there are no crowds of men. The colossal diagram of streets and houses is an illusion, the opium dream of a speculative builder. Each of these men is supremely solitary and supremely important to himself. Each of these houses stands in the centre of the world. There is no single house of all these millions which has not seemed to someone at some time the heart of all things, and the end of travel.

*G. K. Chesterton.*

In Angel Court the sunless air  
Grows faint and sick; to left and right  
The cowering houses shrink from sight,  
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.  
Misnamed, you say. For surely rare  
Must be the angel shapes that light  
In Angel Court!

Nay: the eternities are there,  
Death by the doorway stands to smite:  
Life in its garrets leaps to light;  
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair  
In Angel Court!"

*Austin Dobson.*

**Happy Homes.**—"There is more happiness," says Andrew Carnegie, "more satisfaction, a truer life, and more obtained from life in the cottages of the poor, than in the homes of the rich." A picture in the Academy of 1881 by M. Anthony

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suggests the secret of this happiness. It portrays the evening sky, the masses of cloud marshalling themselves in the west, the deep brooding peace that with the ending of the day falls on earth and sea. But the chief joy of the picture lies in love's welcome. A labouring man is returning from his toil, and his wife and bairns come out to meet him and to welcome him home.

Th' expectant wee things toddlin' stacher thro'  
To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

They have just seen him, and joy and love have sprung up in their hearts. And this love of man and woman and little children is more beautiful than all the beauty of Nature and of sunset. In this cottage with its thatched roof there are simple joys and human love, without which a palace becomes a prison.

## Love's Wage.

Love wore a threadbare dress of grey  
And toiled upon the road all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack  
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meagre fed and sorely tasked  
One only wage love ever asked—

A child's white face to kiss at night,  
A woman's smile by candlelight.

**The Return of the Wanderer.**—In "The Old Sceptic" Alfred Noyes pictures the man, wearied and unsatisfied with his doubts and sophistries, turning with a child's cry to Christ.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers  
And hear from the wayside cabins the kind old hymns again.  
Where Christ holds out His arms in the quiet evening hours,  
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,  
And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith confessed,  
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man  
hears—

“Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.”

## Worship in the Home.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They round the ingle form a circle wide :  
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets <sup>1</sup> wearing thin an' bare.  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales <sup>2</sup> a portion with judicious care ;  
And “Let us worship God !” he says with solemn air.

\* \* \* \* \*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad,  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
“An' honest man's the noblest work of God.”  
*Burns, “Cotter's Saturday Night.”*

**Noble Sons.**—The mother of Cleobis and Biton having no oxen to draw her chariot to the Temple the two youths, who were famous athletes, yoked themselves to it, and so conveyed her to the festival. Having done so, Solon tells us that :

“A most happy termination was put to their lives ; and in them the Deity clearly showed that

<sup>1</sup> Grey temples.

<sup>2</sup> Selects.

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it is better for a man to die than to live. For the men of Aryos who stood round commended the strength of the youths, and the women blessed her as the mother of such sons. But the mother herself, transported with joy both on account of the action and its renown, stood before the Image and prayed that to her sons who had so highly honoured her, the greatest blessing might be granted man could receive. After this prayer, when they had sacrificed and partaken of the Feast, the youths fell asleep in the Temple itself and never woke more, but met with such a termination of life."

*Herodotus, "Clio," 31.*

## Love of Home and Country.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
    This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
    From wandering on a foreign strand !  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

*Scott.*

**Womanhood and Home.**—This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace ; the shelter, not only from all injury but from all terror, doubt and division. . . . And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always around her. The stars

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only may be over her head ; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot ; but home is yet wherever she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless. *Ruskin*, "Sesame and Lilies."

**Christ and the Home.**—Thirty years ! That is the price at which Christ valued home ! And over all the earth, through all time, over all the poor of London to-night, He pleads for all men and women, that they should have what He declared to be so essential—a background of quiet peace, in which growth of body, mind, and spirit can put forth its own powers ; a background of honour, of affection, of personal tenderness, such as can be found nowhere else in all the wide world but in the home. God enable us to do our best to give to the poor that Christ loved, the boon which He so much prized. *Canon Scott Holland*.

**Father and Son.**—"The best satisfaction," says P. G. Hamerton, in his "Human Intercourse," "for a father is to deserve and receive loyal and unflinching respect from his son. No, this is not quite the best, not quite the supreme satisfaction of paternity. Shall I reveal the secret that lies in silence at the very bottom of the hearts of all worthy and honourable fathers ? Their profoundest happiness is to be able to respect their sons."

**The Mother a Priest.**—When the mother calls her children to her knees to speak to them of God, she is *herself* the grandest object in their affections. It is by her power over them that God becomes

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venerable : by the purity of her eye that He becomes holy : by the silence of the hour that He becomes awful : by the tenderness of her tones that He becomes dear.

*James Martineau.*

**His Mother's Voice.**—[‘ Ah ! Tom, thou hast grown old and infirm, and things have turned out ill for thee, but from the grave in Ecclefechan kirkyaird yonder comes your mother's voice, saying, ‘ Trust in God and do the right,’ and this will I do though the heavens fall.”]

*Carlyle.*

**Motherhood.**—Not long before his death, Carlyle, in conversation with Dr. John Brown, said : “ I am an old man, and done with the world. Looking around me, before and behind, and weighing all as wisely as I can, it seems to me there is nothing solid to rest on but the faith which I learned in my old home and from my mother's lips.”

## Memories.

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,

When the shadows creep from the west,

I think of the twilight songs you sang,

And the boy you lulled to rest.

The wee little boy with the tousled head

That so long ago was thine,

I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,

O little mother of mine.

And now he has come to man's estate,

Grown stalwart in body, and strong,

And you'd hardly know that he was the lad

Whom you lulled with your slumber song.

The years have altered the form and the life,

But his heart is unchanged by time,

And still he is only the boy as of old,

O little mother of mine.

*Walter H. Brown.*

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**A Mother's Prayers.**—In the Tate Gallery there is a picture by a continental artist named Ary Schœffer, entitled, "St. Augustine and St. Monica." On a balcony open to the sky with the deep blue of the Mediterranean lying beyond, sit a mother and her son engaged in contemplation. The mother's face is refined by faith and suffering, for this is Monica, who has been called "the greatest of Christian mothers." At her side sits Augustine, his hand clasped in hers; he is clad in a brown pallium thrown over a pale crimson tunic, his keen intellectual face bronzed by the fierce sun is turned upwards, his eyes seem to be striving to see those spiritual visions which his mother sees so clearly. No one who has read the "Confessions of Augustine" can look at this picture unmoved. The deep desire of this woman's heart was to see her son a follower of Christ before she died. For long her prayers seemed to remain unanswered. Augustine in early life felt the attractions of the world, and yielded to them, and his seeming indifference to spiritual things well-nigh broke her heart. The one ray of comfort came to her through a good bishop whom she consulted. "Go thy way," he said, "and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of those tears should perish." "Which answer," says Augustine, "as she often mentioned in her conversations with me, she accepted as though it were a voice from heaven."

Her prayers, indeed, were answered, for sick of the world the light came to her son, and in the light he saw the way of peace, and entered into it. At the news "she leaped for joy, she triumphed, she blessed God," says her son.



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Being then at Milan, Monica, worn out, but with her one longing answered, sought to return to her home in Africa to die. But it was not to be. Together her son and she reached Ostia where her strength gave way. The picture represents the mother and son sitting together, both conscious that the moment for parting is drawing near.

Thus died Monica, the saint of mothers, whose prayers were offered night and day for her wandering son, and whose prayers at last were answered, a comfort and an encouragement to all Christian mothers the world over. The son became the greatest of the Fathers, whose influence upon theological thought lasts to this day, but the most beautiful title that he bears in the thoughts of men is not that of Bishop, or Saint, or Theologian, but this, that he has been given : " the Son of the tears of Monica."

The dear consenting hands are knit,  
And either face, as there they sit,  
Is lifted as to something seen,  
Beyond the blue serene.

O mother, that from thy pure heart each night  
Sendest up prayers for me to highest God :  
For me, who wander without fixed light  
And have not faith to tread where thou hast trod :  
Grieve not, though God no answer yet has given ;  
He knows that mine is not a lasting doom,  
Though thou be caught up into highest heaven,  
And I be banished into outer gloom.  
For then the aching absence of thy face  
Shall work in me such swift immortal pain,  
That I shall struggle through the world of space  
In burning hope to be with thee again :  
And I shall strive for thy white purity,  
For fear of everlasting losing thee.

*Stephen Phillips.*

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**Burden-Bearers.**—A frequent device found in Greek architecture is the employment of female draped figures to support entablatures. These are known as Caryatides, or Burden-Bearers. Carya, in Arcadia, sided with the Persians in the battle of Thermopylæ ; in consequence of which the Greeks stormed the city, slew the men, and sold the women as slaves. Praxiteles, to perpetuate the disgrace, employed figures of Caryan women instead of pillars. They are represented bearing heavy burdens upon their heads.

Figures of men are also used in architecture, and are then called Atlantes, from Atlas who in Greek mythology was believed to support the world on his shoulders.

Sage he stood,  
With Atlantian shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies.  
*Milton, "Paradise Lost."*

## The Tired Mother.

They do not know,  
The passers-by who go  
Up to Thy House with saintly faces set ;  
Who throng about Thy seat,  
And sing Thy praises sweet.  
Till vials full of odours cloud Thy feet ;  
They do not know. . . .  
And, if they knew, then would they greatly care  
That Thy tired handmaid washed the children's hair,  
Or, with red, roughened hands, scoured dishes well,  
While through the window called the evening bell ?  
And that her seeking soul looks upward yet,  
They do not know . . . but *Thou* wilt not forget.

*Fay Inchfawn,*  
"The Verse-Book of a Homely Woman."

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**The Faith of Women.**—At a German town called Weissberg there is an old tower which crowns the fort and which bears the name "The Faith of Women." It is said that the Emperor Conrad III besieged the fortress, and its garrison surrendered under the condition that the women should be allowed to carry away with them their choicest possessions. The Emperor believed that they would carry with them their jewels and such treasures as are dear to the hearts of women. Imagine his surprise as, standing at the head of his army to watch their exit, he saw everyone of them carrying a husband, a brother, or a sweetheart upon her shoulders. Enraged at this the brother of the Emperor urged that the men should be shot, but the Emperor replied, "The foulest blot on a man's name is that men should have just cause to call him a liar. I who am an Emperor have double reason to keep my word."

**Evil Influence.**—Del Sarto's wife proved an evil influence in his life. She enchained him by her beauty, but forced him to use his genius for gain to satisfy her ambition. So Del Sarto mourns over the lost days and misspent opportunities.

Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—  
More than I merit, yes by many times.  
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,  
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,  
And the low voice my soul hears as a bird  
The fowler's pipe and follows to the snare—  
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!  
Some women do so. Had the mouth these urged  
"God and the glory! never care for gain,"  
I might have done it for you.

*R. Browning, "Del Sarto."*

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**Shattered Devotion.**—W. C. Smith in “Borland Hall” tells of a son who after his mother’s death, found that her life had covered a secret fraud. His faith and love had been his bulwark against temptation and doubt. The shock of this discovery wrecked his life.

Gone the fond vision of the trustful youth,  
Gone all the awe of natural reverence,  
Gone the pure love that seemed of heaven above,  
Gone all the certainty of worth and truth.

**A Mother’s Jewels.**—For a hundred and seventy years no judicial separation had taken place in Rome of those united in wedlock. The altar fire which was kept ever burning in the temple was tended by vestal virgins, and expressed the profound truth that the duration of a nation’s life is co-extensive with its morals.

So profoundly did the Romans honour true motherhood that they raised a statue to Cordelia in her lifetime, and inscribed on it “Cordelia mater Gracchorum” (Cordelia mother of the Gracchi). The sons proved themselves worthy of such a mother, and nobly served the State both in peace and war.

**Mother and Child.**—Mankind has counted its sufferings from wars of religion, its terrors from superstition. But who shall number the mercies, the pardons, the generousities brought to pass by the sight of mother and child presented to the eyes of onlookers throughout the bookless ages? . . .

For seven centuries Europe cherished in its heart, and in the art that was the best expression of its increasing civilization, the Image of the

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weakest and the most helpless of the human race—those who could not live but for the respect and pity of the strong—a Virgin and a Babe. There is no other group in history or in art, that has so made for chivalry, or that has so nourished the sense of generosity and of forbearance in mankind.

*Alice Meynell.*

**The Unseen Helpers.**—Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive ; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent upon unhistoric acts ; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

*George Eliot,*

Character of Dorothea, in “Middlemarch.”

**Memories.**—Young people, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed on you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes ; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends ; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world,

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for the deep, sweet security I felt when of an evening, resting upon her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the cold churchyard. Yet still her voice whispers peace from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory.

*Lord Macaulay.*

## CHAPTER II

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

#### The Imitation of Christ.

Like you this Christianity or not?  
It may be false, but will you wish it true?  
Has it your vote to be so if it can?

*Browning, "Bishop Blougram."*

Not even now could it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live, that Christ would approve our life.

*John Stuart Mill.*

A Spartan being invited to come and hear a man who could imitate a nightingale wonderfully, declined, saying "that he had heard the nightingale itself."

A biographer of George Fox, who founded the Society of Friends, has summed up his life of heroic self-abnegation in the service of goodness by saying :

"The secret of George Fox's life is easily told. He was completely master of himself, because completely a servant of God."



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Live while you live, the Epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day,  
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies.  
Lord, in my views let both united be,  
I live in pleasure when I live in Thee.

The above lines, pronounced by Dr. Johnson to be the best epigram in the English language, were written in expansion of the family motto of the Doddridge's, "Dum vivimus, vivamus," by the celebrated Nonconformist divine, Philip Doddridge.

In the oldest known specimens of the crucifix, dating from the fifth century, "it is to be remarked," says the Abbé Vigouroux, "that the Christ is represented as still living, with eyes open, and without any mark of physical suffering." In the sixth century the Figure is still represented as living, and clad in a long tunic. It is only in the twelfth century that artists "cease to represent the Christ as living and triumphant on the Cross."

A conversation is reported as having taken place between Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese statesman, and Colonel Dyer, on the subject of the authority of Jesus Christ.

LI HUNG CHANG : Men ought always to admire success. I cannot understand why clever men like some of you Europeans, should actually worship Jesus Christ. Why, that man's life was a failure, and he was actually crucified at the end of it. Now crucifixion is a very painful death, besides being a degrading form of punishment. How can you call yourselves followers of such a man as that ?

COLONEL DYER : Well, Your Excellency ! I

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don't know what you call failure. When a man's words and the story of his life have influenced many of the best and noblest of men for nearly two thousand years, I don't call that failure.

Were Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem born  
But not in Thee—then wert thou still forlorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once in a silent night a Child was born,  
Who brought again what once was lost and torn.  
Could but thy soul, O man, become a quiet night,  
Christ would be born in thee, and set all things aright.

One of the old mediæval artists has attempted to express in art that mysterious passage in which Moses requests to see the glory of God. The great Lawgiver of Israel is represented as clinging to a great cleft of rock, his face blanched with terror, gazing at a portentous Figure with outstretched wings who has just passed, and whose Face he is not permitted to behold. The picture, which is grotesque in its realism, possesses, nevertheless, that naïveté and sincerity which are not without a certain appeal even to this generation. But while the picture awakens sympathy with the artist the interpretation leaves us unmoved, and illustrates how far we have drifted in our conception of what constitutes the glory of God.

There are two ways in which God's glory is conceived by us. First by beholding His manifestations in the visible universe. This is our modern interpretation of the statement made to Moses that while he could not behold God's Face it was given him to behold His Back, when He had passed. The Future is veiled, but the past works of God are revealed in Nature. Spenser in

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his beautiful poem "An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie" interprets this thought in the two closing verses :

But we, frail wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine  
The sun's bright beams when he on us doth shyne,  
But that their points rebutted back againe  
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne  
The glory of that Majesty Divine,  
In sight of whom both sun and moon are darke,  
Compared to His least resplendent sparke ?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent  
Him to behold, is on His workes to looke,  
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,  
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,  
To read enregistred in every nooke  
His goodness, which His Beautie doth declare :  
For all that's good is beautifull and faire.

The second way to behold God's glory is to behold His essential character in history in the Face of Jesus Christ. Here glory is not revealed in outward splendour but in heavenly love, and in utter sacrifice.

Through imitation and reflection this glory is manifested in those who follow Him. "But we all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory."

Cowper gives a pathetic illustration of his own infirmity, and of the seeking and protective mercies of Christ, in the following lines :

I was a stricken deer that left the herd,  
Long since with many an arrow deep infix'd  
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew  
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.

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There was I found by One Who had Himself  
Been hurt by archers, in His side He bore  
And in His hands and feet the cruel scars.  
With gentle force soliciting the darts,  
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.

“ In no natural struggle for existence,” says Goldwin Smith, in his essay on Cowper, “ would he have been a survivor. By no natural process of selection would he have been picked out as a vessel of honour. If the shield which for nineteen centuries Christ by His teaching and death has spread over the weak things of the world, should fail, and might should again become the title to existence, and the measure of worth, Cowper would be cast aside as a specimen of despicable infirmity, and all who would have said anything in his praise would be treated with the same scorn.”

In one of Gilbert Parker's novels, “ The Judgment House,” there is a striking incident which takes place in a castle in Wales. A large party had assembled made up of idle, rich, and pleasure-loving people. One of the guests was a prima-donna who was pressed to sing, and who declined until she heard that in the castle lay an urchin called Jiggers, who had been run over and seriously hurt, and who with his window wide open was waiting in eager expectation to hear her. Immediately she agreed, and after her song was ended there was heard a tiny clapping which came across the courtyard from the window where the boy lay. The writer thus describes what followed :

“ Atmah turned towards the window with a shining face and waved a kiss out of the light and glory where she was to the sufferer in the darkness.

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Then after a whispered word to the accompanist, she began singing Gounod's memorable song 'There is a Green Hill Far Away.' It was not what the audience expected ; it was in strangest contrast to all that had gone before ; it brought a hush like a great benediction upon the great chamber. Her voice seemed to ache with the plaintive depth of the song, and the soft night filled its soul with melody.

"A wonderful and deep solemnity was suddenly diffused upon the assembly of world-worn people, to most of whom the things that mattered were those which gave them diversion. They were wont to swim with the tide of indolence, extravagance, self-seeking, and sordid pleasure.

"Why had she chosen this song ? Because all at once as she thought of Jiggers lying there in the dark room, she had a vision of her own child lying near to death in the grasp of pneumonia five years ago ; and the misery of that time swept over her—its rebellion, its hideous fear, its bitter loneliness.

"When she ceased there was not a sound save of some woman gently sobbing. Others were vainly trying to choke back their tears."

So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human voice  
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here !  
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself !  
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,  
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,  
And thou must love Me who have died for thee."

*Browning, "An Epistle to Karshish."*

Gough—one of the greatest temperance orators of a past generation—tells how the touch of a

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friend's hand was the means of raising him from the depths into which he had sunk.

"On Sunday night, in October 1842, I was walking through the streets of Worcester, Mass., without a home, without a hope, without a friend. Yes, it might have been said of me as it was said of Dante, 'There is the man who has been in hell.' I had desire, but no hope; I had ambition, but no energy; I had pride, but no expectation, no freshness of feeling—and that is hell. Joel Stratton laid his hand upon my shoulder, and this was the first glimmer it seemed to me of the star of hope that shed its beams upon my pathway. He induced me to put my name upon the pledge-book. O, it was a blessed laying-on of hands. It was the turning point of my history. It is a great work to save a man."

Someone has finely said that, in after years, above the ringing plaudits of the great audiences which Gough swayed by his eloquence, he could always feel the gentle tap of that friend's hand upon his shoulder.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey recently called attention in *The Spectator* to what he calls a "tremendous poem." No one knows who wrote it. It is quoted in Norman Ault's "Poet's Life of Christ," and Mr. Strachey, who gives it the title "The Staircase Poem," suggests that it was written by Quarles. "It was found," he says, "amongst the Christchurch MSS. of the seventeenth century, and it is without question the greatest piece of treasure-trove of recent times. It has a quality which is very rare in English verse. It is quite perfect as far as it goes. The author has



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accomplished perfectly what he has set out to express :

Yet if his majesty, our sovereign lord,  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say, " I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
All hands to work ! " Let no man idle stand.  
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,  
See they be fitted all ;  
Let there be room to eat,  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every scone and candlestick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.  
Look to the presence : are the carpets spread,  
The dais o'er the head,  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs ?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his place."  
Thus if the king were coming would we do ;  
And 'twere good reason too :  
For 'tis a duteous thing  
To show all honour to an earthly king ;  
And, after all our travail and our cost,  
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.  
But at the coming of the King of heaven  
All's set at six and seven :  
We wallow in our sin :  
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
We entertain Him always like a stranger,  
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

There lay in Florence, near the Church of Santa Maria Novella, a huge block of marble. It was suitable for one purpose, the carving of a colossal statue. Sculptor after sculptor had tried his hands upon it, but without success. Indeed, after a time the attempt had been abandoned.



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Incompetent hands had hewed and hacked the enormous mass of stone, until it was worse than shapeless, it was misshapen. At last Michael Angelo was commissioned to take it in hand.

He began by building a house over it, and in that house he shut himself up for eighteen months with his great task, permitting no one to see what he was doing. At length the statue was finished, the citizens were admitted, and lo ! the figure of David was revealed, the sublime figure which is now one of the glories of Florence.

So Christ can take lives the world has distorted, and transfigure them into His likeness.

*Wyke Bayliss,*

“Seven Angels of the Renaissance.”

True, I am worn :

But who clothes summer, who is life itself ?

God, that created all things, can renew.

*Browning.*

In the Life of the late Professor Huxley, the great scientist, there is a passage of peculiar interest coming from such a source. “Science,” says he, “seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great law which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly, wherever, and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you will learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this.”

Our wills are ours, we know not why.

Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

*Tennyson.*

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A pathetic story is told of the late Bonar Law. He went to France a broken man to visit the place where his son was shot down and killed. They showed him the machine which his son flew, riddled with bullets. Bonar Law climbed the machine and sat down on the seat, remaining there for a long time, while those who conducted him to the spot waited at a distance. At last he came down, and those who had waited saw a new look on his face, and a new light in his eyes, and a new determination in his walk. He returned to London, once more assumed office, took up his tasks with unflinching zeal, and after a few months passed away amid the grief of the whole English-speaking race.

**The Vale of Soul-Making.**—After the siege of Rome in 1849 Garibaldi issued the following proclamation to his tattered band of followers: "Soldiers, all our efforts against superior forces have been unavailing. I have nothing to offer you but hunger and thirst, hardship and death, but I call on all those who love their country to follow me," and follow they did till victory was theirs.

Sacrifice, hardship, trial, suffering, these are the words that inspire terror in the hearts of the multitude. But when men are uplifted by great ideals they are no longer terrified, they accept them with a strange joy.

In one of his letters Keats says: "The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and the superstitious is a 'Vale of Tears.' Call the world if you please a Vale of Soul-Making. Do you not see how necessary a world of pains and

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troubles is to school our intelligence and make it a soul? A place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways. As various as the lives of men are, so various become their souls, and thus does God make individual beings souls of the sparks of His own essence."

He fixed thee in this dance  
Of plastic circumstance  
This present, thou forsooth would fain arrest :  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed.  
*Browning, " Rabbi Ben Ezra."*

So also J. C. Squire in his poem entitled " The Stronghold," which he represents as a place where there is " no tear or heartache," thus concludes :

But O, if you find that castle,  
Draw back your foot from the gateway,  
Let not its peace invite you.  
Let not its offerings tempt you,  
For faded and decayed like a garment,  
Love to a dust will have fallen,  
And song and laughter will have gone with sorrow,  
And hope will have gone with pain,  
And of all the throbbing hearts' high courage  
Nothing will remain.

Was it not Alfred Russell Wallace who tried to help an Emperor moth, and only harmed it by his ill-considered ministry? He came upon the creature beating its wings, and struggling wildly to force its passage through the narrow neck of its cocoon. He admired its fine proportions, eight inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, and thought it a pity that so handsome a creature should

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be subjected to so severe an ordeal. He therefore took out his lancet and split the cocoon. The moth came out at once, but its glorious colourings never developed. The soaring wings never expanded. The indescribable hues and tints and shades that should have adorned them never appeared. The moth crept moodily about, drooped perceptibly, and died. The furious struggle with the cocoon was Nature's way of developing the splendid wings and of sending the vital fluids pulsing through the frame until every particle blushed with their beauty. The naturalist had saved the little creature from the struggle, but had unintentionally ruined and slain it in the process.

*F. W. Boreham.*

I can believe this dread machinery  
Of sin and sorrow would confound me else,  
Devised—all pain, at most expenditure  
Of pain by who devised pain—to evolve,  
By new machinery in counterpart,  
The moral qualities of man, how else?—  
To make him love in turn and be beloved,  
Creative and self-sacrificing too,  
And thus eventually God-like.

*Browning, "The Ring and the Book."*

At a period of Donatello's life he went to Pisa to execute some works there which were found so wonderful that the Pisans broke out into transports of delight, praising the artist to the skies. Oddly enough, however, this excessive praise proved distasteful to the sculptor. He declared that he must go back to Florence for the whimsical reason that where he was praised by everybody he would soon forget all he knew, grow lazy, and self-satisfied, whereas at home in Florence he was notoriously

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abused and found fault with and thus forced always to produce his best, "the constant blame forcing him," as he put it, "to study and consequently to greater achievements."

"Do you know," said Lammenais once, "why man is the most suffering of creatures? It is because he stands with one foot in the finite, and the other in the infinite, and is torn asunder not by four horses, as Plato put it, but by two worlds."

I know a valley between the mountains and the sea—a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blast. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops, and by the great spectacle of that valley. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks of honour we had forgotten, duty, patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of these mountain peaks, whose foundations are not shaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

*D. Lloyd George.*

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Over the entrance to the University of Pennsylvania there is written these words :

“ In the dust of defeat, as well as in the laurel of victory, there is glory to be found, if one has done his best.”

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day ?  
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

Vivas to those who have failed !  
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea,  
And to those themselves who sank in the sea !  
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome heroes !  
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known !

*Walt Whitman.*

There is no good of life but love—but love !  
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love,  
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

*Browning, “ In a Balcony.”*

## The Appeal of Love.

Love hath taught me to obey  
All His precepts, and to say,  
“ Not to-morrow, but to-day.”

*Christopher Harvey.*

Blind and deaf that we are ! Oh ! think if thou yet love anybody living. Wait not until death sweeps down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful—when it is too late.

*Carlyle.*

The faintest longing to love is love ; the very dread for ever to miss the face of God is love : the very terror at that dreadful state when none can love, is love.

*Pusey.*



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A hermit who has spent the greatest part of his life in religious exercises desires to know what progress in grace he has made. An angel tells him to travel to the neighbouring town, where he will see a mountebank performing, who stands exactly on his level in spiritual matters. The man, when questioned, owns that he has been a robber. His one good deed has been to rescue from his comrades a nun whom they had carried off to sell into slavery. Unable to return to them, he had taken up the mountebank's occupation. Some years afterwards the hermit is moved in the same way. This time he is bidden to go to a neighbouring farm. Here he finds two women, quite commonplace people, who have worked hard and brought up families. The greatest of their good works has been to give half a sheep to poorer neighbours. But, after thinking awhile—

The elder said, with a modest smile :  
This summer have forty years gone by,  
Since she—my sister-in-law—and I  
Together came in this house to dwell ;  
And, Father, it is not much to tell,  
But in all these years from first to last,  
No angry word has between us passed,  
Nor even a look that was less than kind,  
And that is all I can call to mind.

Hearing this the hermit had learned his lesson. Ever after, looking down from his dwelling on the hill—

He said as he saw the star-like glow  
Of lights in the cottage windows far,  
“ How many God's hidden servants are ! ”

“ It appears to me,” says Chesterton, “ that of all fairy-tales none contains so vital a moral truth



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as the old story of 'Beauty and the Beast.' There is written with all the authority of a human scripture the eternal and essential truth that until we love a thing in all its ugliness we cannot make it more beautiful."

Browning in one of his short poems describes with his usual subtlety that sense of emptiness and incompleteness which haunts the soul even when the world is at its best :

Wanting is—what ?  
Summer redundant,  
Blueness abundant.  
—Where is the blot ?  
Bearing the world, yet a blank all the same,  
—Framework which waits for a picture to frame.

Then comes the cure :

Breathe but one breath  
And all that was death  
Grows life, grows love,  
Grows love !

Carlyle describes Elizabeth Fry walking amid all the abominations of Old Newgate, and yet herself untouched by its pollution, moving about in pure womanliness, vice shrinking back as she approached. Longfellow describes Florence Nightingale moving with her lamp amid the wounded at Scutari :

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

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The nurse of the East End walks unscathed and unmolested where no other dare walk with impunity.

Love seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care,  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

*Wm. Blake.*

**The Adventures of Faith.**—In his famous description of the boat-race, Vergil says of the winning crew :

They can, because they believe they can.

Lately I saw two wonders. First as I looked out of the window I saw the stars shining in God's beautifully vaulted heavens, and yet there were no visible pillars supporting this firmament, and yet the heavens fell not.

Second, I beheld great clouds hovering over us, borne down by their great weight, like unto a mighty ocean, and yet I saw no foundation upon which they rested, and no shore which bounded them, and still they did not fall, but greeting us stiffly fled on apace.

Now there are always some who search for these pillars and these foundations, and failing in their quest they go about in fear and trembling as if the heavens must fall because they cannot grasp supporting pillars.

*Luther.*

Luther tells how "when sorely vexed by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the Church," he had

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fallen into a state of utter hopelessness and depression, and went about the house mourning and dejected. Seeing his wife dressed all in black he asked the reason. "Do you not know," she said, "God in heaven is dead." He looked at her in amazement. "What nonsense," he said, "how can God die? He is immortal, and will live through all eternity." "And yet," she said, quietly, "you go about hopeless and discouraged."

"Then I observed," says Luther, "what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my silence."

A similar story is told in the Life of Dr. Clifford, of how his wife appealed to his sense of humour in order to arouse him from one of those hopeless moods which, in his earlier days, were the concomitant of nervous and physical exhaustion. Seeing her come into his room in out-of-door attire, Dr. Clifford, "who but a few moments before had intimated his impending decease," inquired where she was going. "To the undertakers!" was the disconcerting reply; "we may as well be in time, as there seems nothing else to be done."

However perplexed you may at any hour become about some question of truth, one refuge and resource is always at hand: you can do something for someone beside yourself. When your own burden is heaviest you can always lighten a little some other burden. At the times when you cannot see God there is always open to you this sacred possibility—to show God; for it is through the love and kindness of human hearts that the divine reality comes home to men, whether they mean it or not. Let this thought then stay with you:

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there may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help to others.

G. S. Merriam.

Seeley, in his "Ecce Homo," points out that when Christ summoned the disciples to Him, He required from them only faith, and not belief in any specified doctrines. As it was not until later that they learned He was to suffer death and rise again, they could have held no belief in the atonement and the resurrection. "Nor," says Seeley, "do we frequently find Him examining His followers in their creed, and rejecting one as a sceptic and another as an infidel. . . . Assuredly those who represent Christ as presenting to man an abstruse *theology*, and saying to them peremptorily, 'Believe or be damned,' have the coarsest conception of the Saviour of the World."

I have seen  
A curious child who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely: and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy: for from within were heard  
Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the Universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things:  
Of ebb and flow and ever-during power;  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.

Wordsworth, "The Excursion."

Men of faith are all men of dauntless spirit, and there is no limit to what they can accomplish.

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They "remove mountains." [ Lowell, in describing Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer of the Abolition of Slavery, describes the limitations and disadvantages which beset him, but which utterly failed to thwart his determination to succeed :

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,  
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young man.  
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,  
Yet there the freedom of a race began.  
Help came but slowly : surely no man yet  
Put lever to the heavy world with less :  
What need of help ? He knew how types were set,  
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.

KING SKULE : What do you mean by a limp doubter ?

IATGIER : One who doubts his own doubt.

KING SKULE : Slowly. That, methinks, were death.

IATGIER : Worse ; worse. It were life in death.

*Ibsen.*

## The Sunlit Path.

Take joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow, and cherish her !  
Then will she come and often sing to thee  
When thou art working in the furrows ; ay  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad—  
Joy is the grace we say to God."

*J. Ingelow.*

“ If you want to be cheerful, jes' set your mind on it, an' do it. Can't none of us help what traits we set out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with. When things first got to goin' wrong wi'

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me, I says, ' O Lord, whatever comes keep me from gettin' sour.' . . . Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid and smile."

*Alice Hegan Rice, " Lovey Mary."*

There's many a trouble would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it, and tenderly nurse it  
And give it a permanent place in our heart.

There's many a sorrow would vanish to-morrow  
Were we not unwilling to furnish it wings;  
So sadly intruding, and quietly brooding,  
It hatches all sorts of horrible things.

I sleep, I eat and drink, I read and meditate,  
I walk in my neighbours' pleasant fields, and see  
the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all  
that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and  
wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself.  
And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so  
great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevish-  
ness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to  
sit down on his little handful of thorns.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

Thanks be to Thee, God,  
Wielder of Nations,  
Lord everlasting!  
For all the joy of life  
Winsome and wealthful,  
Bairns' love and wife's love,  
Heart-trust of comrades,  
War-weal and heartgear  
All I have here below  
Fared for or gotten.

*Dean Stubbs, from the Anglo-Saxon.*

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A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will, and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition or no. They do a better thing than that : they practically demonstrate the liveableness of life.

*R. L. Stevenson.*

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new :  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you,  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

*Susan Coleridge.*

Compare Pagan Rome with its gilded palaces where men clutched at the possibility of suicide as the main resource and escape from life with the bright, gleeful faces and sunny emblems of inextinguishable happiness scrawled on the damp galleries of the Catacombs. Compare the agony and defiance of Pagan epitaphs, like that of Procope. "I, Procope, lift up my hands against the gods who took me hence undeserving," with the glad certainty of the Christian over his dead wife, "Terentiana *lives* " ; or, "Agape, thou shalt live for ever." Compare the hopelessness of the bereaved Pagan father, "Our hope was in our boy, now all is ashes and lamentation," or on the tomb of a child of five, "To the unrighteous gods who robbed me of life," with the cheerful resignation of the Christian father, "Marcus, innocent boy, thou art now among the innocent." In the Catacombs will not be found one note of scorn or



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defiance such as we find in the heathen epitaphs. "Here it is, so it is, nothing else could be" ; or "Hold all a mockery, reader, nothing is our own." "There is no sign of mourning, no token of resentment, no expression of vengeance," says Dean Milman, "all breathes softness, benevolence, charity. So serene is the resignation of the Christian survivors that 'dolens,' grieving, the mildest term of sorrow is found but rarely, and 'infelix,' unlucky, occurs but once."

The view of death entertained by these early Christians is beautifully expressed in the Alexandrian Liturgy :

"Assemble them—the dead, O Lord, in green pastures beside the still waters, in the paradise of joy, whence grief, and sadness, and groans are buried."

**The Efficacy of Prayer.**—"Prayer is Israel's only weapon," said the Rabbis, "a weapon inherited from our fathers, a weapon tried in a hundred battles." And then they added this beautiful sentence : "But even when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open."

When "The Newcomes" was finished in July 1855 Thackeray referred to it in a letter to a friend, which contains the following passage :

"I wrote the last lines of 'The Newcomes' with a very sad heart. And afterwards what do you think I did ? Suppose I said my prayers, and humbly prayed God Almighty to bless those I love and who love me, and to help me to speak the truth and do my duty ? . . . That 'finis' at the end of a book is a solemn word. . . . There go two years more

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of my life spent over those pages. I was quite sorry to part with a number of kind people with whom I had been living and talking these twenty months past."

"Do you think prayers are ever answered?" inquired Conrad. "In my life I have sent up many prayers, and always with the attempt to persuade myself that some former prayer had been fulfilled. But I knew. I knew in my heart none ever had been. Things that I wanted have come to me, but—I say it with all reverence—too late, as the means to gratify a critical taste in claret may come to a man only when he suffers from rheumatism."

Mr. Irquetson's fine hand wandered across his brow. "Once," he began conversationally, "I was passing with a friend through Grosvenor Street. It was when in the spring the tenant's fancy lightly turns to coats of paint, and we came to a ladder leaning against a house that was being redecorated. In stepping to the outer side of the ladder my friend lifted his hat to it; you may know the superstition. He was a 'Varsity man, a man of considerable attainments. I said, 'Is it possible that you believe in that nonsense?' He said, 'N-no, I don't exactly believe in it, but I never throw away a chance.'" On a sudden the Vicar's inflexion changed, his utterance was solemn, stirring, devout: "I think, sir, that most people pray on my friend's principle—they don't believe in it, but they never throw away a chance."

*L. Merrick,*

"Conrad in Quest of his Youth."

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A story is told by a lawyer living in chambers in the Temple, how in the rooms next to his there was an old grey-headed man who every night knelt down and said his prayers aloud. As the partition was thin, he heard what he said quite distinctly, and was greatly surprised to hear him always say in his prayer : " Lord : make me a good boy." This may seem rather ludicrous, but if you think of it you will be touched by its beauty. Long, long years before, when a little child, that old man had knelt at his mother's knee, and she had taught him this petition, " Lord : make me a good boy.' And through the years, with their trials and temptations, he still felt the need of offering that cry in the old simple language, knowing that in the sight of the ageless God he was still a child.

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

*Tennyson, " The Passing of Arthur."*

Browning in his " Instans Tyrannus " tells of the ruler of " a million or two more or less," who resolved on the destruction of a certain man whom he hated. What is there to hinder his purpose ? he asks. Is he not king ?

So I soberly laid my last plan  
To extinguish the man.  
Round his creep-hole—with never a break  
Ran my fires for his sake :

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Overhead, did my thunders combine  
With my underground mine :  
Till I looked from my labour content  
To enjoy the event.

But there was one factor on which he had not counted. With all his plans perfected, and when sure of his victim, something happened he tells us.

Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,  
The man sprang to his feet.  
Stood erect, *caught at God's skirts and prayed!*  
—So I was afraid ! ”

In “The Story of an African Farm” Olive Schreiner gives a description of a Boer wedding, the noise, the feasting, the thick clouds of dust rising from the floors from the heavy feet of the dancers. Two young people, Waldo and Lyndall, leave the house, tired of the noise and sick at heart. They go out into the silence of the night, and sit down beneath the stars. They are both dreamers, oppressed by the mystery of life, both are seeking for some solution, some answer to the great enigma. They sit for a long time in silence, looking upwards. Suddenly he says to Lyndall, in a low voice :

“Do you ever pray?”

“No,” she answered.

“I never do,” he went on, “but I might when I look up there. I will tell you,” he added in a still lower voice, “where I could pray. If there were a wall of rock on the edge of the world, and one rock stretched out far, far into space, and I stood alone upon it, alone, with stars above me, and stars below me,—I would not say anything ; but the feeling would be prayer.”

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A son, hearing his father pray that the wants of the poor might be supplied, said to him, "Father, I wish I had your corn." "Why, my son? What would you do with it?" asked the father. The child replied, "I would answer your prayers."

**The Heart Bowed Down.**—In Brittany there is a belief in a city buried beneath the sea called Is. On calm nights the fishermen declare that they can see its spires, and in the silence hear the sound of its bells. Renan who was a Breton, born in Treguier, says in one of his books, "I often fancy that I have at the bottom of my heart a city of Is, with its bells summoning me to prayer."

Cities drowned in olden time  
Keep, they say, a magic chime,  
Rolling up from far below  
Where the moon-led waters flow.

So within me, ocean deep,  
Lies a sunken world asleep,  
Lest its bells forget to ring  
Memory! set the tide a-swing.

*Henry Newbolt, "Against Oblivion."*

Down in the human heart crushed by the tempter  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.

For like a child sent with a fluttering light,  
To feel his way across a gusty night.  
Man walks the world. Again and yet again  
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain:  
But shall not He who sent him from the door  
Re-light the lamp once more, and yet once more?

*Ed. FitzGerald.*

A saint had a vision in which he saw Satan standing before the Throne of God; and listening,

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he heard the evil spirit say, "Why hast Thou condemned me, who have offended Thee but once, whilst Thou savest thousands of men who have offended Thee thousands of times?" And the Lord God made answer: "Hast thou once asked pardon of Me?"

Make this thing plain to us, O Lord!  
That not the triumph of the sword—  
Not that alone—can end the strife,  
But reformation of the life—  
But full submission to Thy word!  
Not all the stream of blood outpoured  
Can peace—the long desired—afford;  
Not tears of mother, maid or wife—  
Make this thing plain!

We must root out our sins ignored,  
By whatsoever name adored:  
Our secret sins, that, ever rife,  
Shrink from the operating knife,  
Then shall we rise, renewed, restored—  
Make this thing plain!

*Austin Dobson.*

One of the most popular of mediæval saints was St. Anthony. He was born at Alexandria of noble parents, but at an early age forsook the world for the monastic life, and attained great piety. The following story is told of him:

One night, as Anthony sat in his cell, he heard a knocking at the door, and going to see who was there, he beheld a man of terrible aspect and of gigantic stature; and he said, "Who art thou?" The stranger answered, "I am Satan, and I come to ask thee how it is that thou and all thy disciples, when ye stray into sin, or any evil befall ye, lay the blame and the shame on me and load me with

## The Christian Life

curses." And Anthony said, "Have we not cause? Dost thou not go about seeking whom thou mayest devour, and tempt us, and torment us? And art thou not the occasion of fall to many?" And the demon replied, "It is false! I do none of these things of which men accuse me; it is their own fault; they allure each other to sin: they torment and oppress each other, they are tempted of their own evil propensities; they go about seeking occasion to sin; and they weakly lay the cause at my door; for, since God came upon earth, and was made man to redeem man, my power is at an end. Lo! I have no arms. I have no dwelling-place, and wanting everything, can perform nothing. Let men complain of themselves, not of me; not I, but they alone, are guilty." To which the saint, marvelling at so much sense and truth from the lips of the devil, replied, "Although thou art called the father of lies, in this thou hast spoken truth; and even for this, blessed be the name of Christ."

We would have inward peace,  
Yet will not look within :  
We would have misery cease,  
Yet will not cease from sin.

*M. Arnold.*

**The Quality of Mercy.**—It was a curious belief of the Egyptians that all divinities could give life by weeping, that their tears were endowed with vitalizing power. Thus of Osiris it was said :

His heart is in every wound.

Among the many forms of worship that flourished at Athens there was an altar that stood alone,



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conspicuous and honoured above all others. The suppliants thronged around it, but no image of a god, no symbol of dogma was there. It was dedicated to "pity," and was venerated through all the ancient world as the first great assertion among mankind of the supreme sanctity of Mercy.

*Lecky,*

"History of European Morals," vol. i. 228.

In Shorthouse's story of "John Inglesant" he tells how after long search he at last found the murderer of his brother. Taking his sword and turning to the others around him, he said :

"This man, Messeri, is a murderer and a villain, steeped in every crime ; a cruel secret midnight-cut-throat and assassin. He took my brother—a noble gentleman whom I was proud to follow—treacherously at an advantage, and slew him. I see him now before me lying in his blood. Now he begs for mercy. What say you, gentlemen, what is his due ?"

"Shoot the dog through the head. Hang him on the nearest tree. Carry him into Rome and torture him to death."

"Mercy, monsignore," he cried. "Mercy. I cannot, I dare not, I am not fit to die. For the blessed Host, monsignore, have mercy—for the love of Jesu—for the sake of Jesu."

As he said these last words Inglesant's attitude altered, and the cruel light faded out of his eyes. His hands ceased to finger the carabine at his side, and he sat still upon his horse, looking down upon the abject wretch before him, while a man might count fifty.

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"Take him up, one of you, on the crupper," he said. Reaching a chapel they entered while the Mass was proceeding.

Inglesant knelt upon the steps before the altar, and the men-at-arms on the floor of the chapel, the two who guarded the prisoner keeping close behind their leader.

The priest, who was an old and simple-looking countryman, continued his office without stopping, but when he had received the sacred elements himself, he turned, and influenced probably by his appearance and by his position at the altar, he offered Inglesant the Sacrament. He took it, and the priest, turning again to the altar, finished the Mass.

Then Inglesant rose and when the priest turned again he was standing before the altar with his drawn sword held lengthwise across his hands.

"My Father," he cried, "I am the Cavaliere di San Giorgio, and as I came across the mountain this morning on my way to Rome, I met my mortal foe, the murderer of my brother, a wretch whose life is forfeit by every law, either of earth or heaven. Him I thought to crush at once, as I would a venomous beast, though he is worse than any beast. But, my Father, he has appealed from me to the adorable Name of Jesus, and I cannot touch him. But he will not escape. I give him over to the Lord. I give up my sword into the Lord's hands, that He may work my vengeance upon him as it seems to Him good. Take this sword, reverend Father, and let it lie upon the altar beneath the Christ Himself, and I will make an offering for daily masses for my brother's soul."

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The priest took the sword, and kneeling before the altar placed it thereon like a man acting in a dream.

O ye kind heavens, azure, beautiful, eternal behind your tempests and time-clouds, is there not pity in store for all ?

*Carlyle.*

Consider this—  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy :  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

*Shakespeare.*

The poet Burns while ploughing one day turns up the nest of a field-mouse. Instantly he arrests his plough and with swift sympathy laments the unhappiness he has caused. He enters into the sorrows of the hapless mouse as if it were a child, and as if he had harmed a fellow-creature.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
And justifies the ill opinion  
Which mak's thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
And fellow-mortal.

And then Burns, looking at the upturned nest, and the havoc wrought upon it, reflects upon human life, its disappointments and disillusionments :

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain !  
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley,  
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
For promised joy.

# The Christian Life

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me .  
The present only toucheth thee :  
But och ! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear !  
And forward though I canna see,  
I guess and fear.

One evening, General Garibaldi met a Sardinian shepherd who had lost a lamb out of his flock, and was in great distress because he could not find it. Garibaldi became deeply interested in the man, and proposed to his staff that they should scour the mountains, and help to find the lost lamb. A search was organized, lanterns were brought, and these old soldiers started off full of eager earnestness to look for the fugitive. The quest was in vain, however, and by and by all the soldiers returned to their quarters. Next morning Garibaldi's attendant found the General in bed fast asleep long after his usual hour for rising. The servant aroused him at length, and the General rubbed his eyes and then took from under his bed coverings the lost lamb, bidding the attendant carry it to the shepherd. Garibaldi had kept up the search through the night until he had found the lamb. This is how Jesus Christ seeks lost men in this world of sin, continuing the search long after others have given it up, seeking until He finds them.

A story is told of a poor acrobat who turned monk, but who was so illiterate that he could not even say his "Paternoster" or "Credo" properly. Greatly disheartened at his failure, he used to go before a picture of Christ hanging on the Cross and perform his old acrobatic feats, until he sank

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on the ground exhausted. And while he lay there it is said, Christ Himself came down from the Cross, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

This beautiful legend surely expresses the very heart of the divine understanding and sympathy. God does not demand from any of us what we cannot render ; but even the seemingly unspiritual things, the common duties of life, if done in His Spirit, are acceptable unto Him. For if He accepts the cup of cold water given to others in His name, He will not refuse the smallest thing offered in love to Himself, or leave it unrewarded. He will come down to receive it, and in accepting will bless the giver.

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was doing good ;  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour  
Of war's wild music o'er the earth shall cease ;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

*J. G. Whittier.*

There is a well-known picture by an English artist called "The Comforter." In the interior of a room, upon a bed, there lies a form, the face of which is not seen, only a hand lying on a silk counterpane with a wedding-ring upon the finger. By the side of the bed there sits a young man, his elbow leaning upon the bed, his head supported

## The Christian Life

by his hand, his face drawn with grief. In his loneliness he sits there while his beloved, with slow and painful breaths, sighs out her little store of life. The picture gives the impression of intense stillness ; outside is the heedless world ignorant and uncaring, while the pitiful tragedy is working itself out within. But the young man as he sits there in his unutterable anguish, is not alone. Seated beside him is a white Figure, unseen to him, but consciously near. The pierced hands hold the hand of the youth, and in that silent room there is another watcher. It is the Lord of Life, the Christ of the tender and pitying heart, the Brother of Consolation, who in the sorrowful hours of life has given to us this promise :

“ I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.”

Stephen Graham in his book “ Russia and the World ” has the following suggestive passage :  
“ We are accustomed to think of the Germans as coarse and brutal, and yet we may on occasion learn tenderness from them. One of the most touching things I remember reading of the Germans was the way that the news of the fall of Antwerp was received in one of their theatres. A political play called ‘ 1914 ’ was being performed. It was about half-past ten at night, when suddenly the manager came on to the stage, interrupting the players and the orchestra, and crying out : ‘ One moment, one moment, gentlemen, Antwerp has fallen.’ ”

“ There was tremendous excitement amongst the audience, the waving of arms, cheering, shouting, singing, the singing of ‘ Deutschland über alles,’ ”

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and 'The Watch on the Rhine.' Then suddenly the manager came forward again and imposed silence by his lifted hand.

"Following him came the chorus singing in a remonstrant tone this beautiful song :

Nicht zu laut !  
Nicht zu laut !  
Denkt g'rad jetzt wo Ihr jubelt und lacht ;  
Nicht zu laut !  
Nicht zu laut !  
Fiel ein Krieger vielleicht in der Schlacht  
Und er liegt beim zerschossenen Pferde  
Und nimmt Abschied von Mutter and Braut—  
Nicht zu laut !  
Nicht zu laut !

which may be read in English :

Not too loud !  
Not too loud !  
Think just now while you laugh and cheer :  
Not too loud !  
Not too loud !  
How out on the battle-field dark and drear  
A soldier lies dying his dead steed beside,  
And bids farewell to mother and bride—  
Not too loud !  
Not too loud !

## The Worshipful Heart.

What does he get at chapel ?

He gets a blessing.

What is a " blessing " ?

A removal of the temptation to rage and scorn and indignation ; a sweetness, a satisfaction with my lot, a content with God's dealings. Take to-night. I went to chapel fretted with plenty of dark and vexing suggestions—all sore as to feeling.



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I came away calm, sweet, fresh, all my cares gone, rejoicing in the God of my salvation. And this sunshine "dwells in heaven half the night." I feel it now, and think no one is more happy than I.

That is a "blessing"—a blessing out of Zion.

And yet I know no more than I did at 7 p.m. who is to buy my pictures.

Diary of *James Smetham*,  
Artist, Poet, Essayist.

Beecher in his "Norwood" has a beautifully human touch in describing the appeal of worship. At a village church the service is drawing to a close, while the village doctor and a horse-jockey have driven up and are waiting for the congregation to come out. Hiram the jockey begins to discuss the comparative merits of the horseflesh standing around when a note from within is heard. "There's the last hymn," said Hiram. They continue talking for a little, then stop. Music comes floating out, children's voices. At last Hiram says :

"Doctor, there's somethin' in folks singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside."

O sweeter than the marriage feast  
'Tis sweeter far to me  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!  
To walk together to the kirk  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men and babes and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay.

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He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all.

*Coleridge.*

Carlyle, in one of his tender moods, describes the effect upon his after life which was produced by the humble worship of his early days :

“That poor temple of my childhood is more sacred to me than the biggest cathedral then extant could have been ; rude, rustic, bare, no temple in the world was more so. But there were sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic flame, which kindled what was best in one, which has not yet gone out.”

*Froude, “ Thomas Carlyle.”*

### CHAPTER III

## TEMPTATIONS OF MIDDLE AGE

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### Losing the Vision.

The world is full of woodmen who expel  
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,  
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

*Shelley*, "The Woodman and the Nightingale."

The most dangerous years are the forties—the years when men begin to be rich, when they have opportunities of gratifying their passions, when they, perhaps, imagine that they have led a starved and meagre existence.

"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make Thyself known."

Habakkuk's Prayer.

"Between twenty and thirty I gradually became more agnostic and irreligious, yet I cannot say that I ever lost that definite consciousness of an Absolute Reality. Whenever I was in trouble, or when I was depressed, I now recognize that I used to fall back for support upon this relation which I felt myself to be in toward this reality. It always strengthened me, and seemed to give me endless vitality to feel its underlying and supporting

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presence. I know now that it was a personal relation I was in to it ; of late years the power of communicating with it has left me, and I am conscious of a perfectly definite loss.

"Then came a set of years when sometimes I found it, and then again lost it. I remember many occasions on which at night in bed I would be unable to get to sleep on account of worry. I turned this way and that in the darkness, and groped mentally for the familiar sense of that higher mind which had always seemed to be close at hand as it were, but there was no electric current.

"Now at the age of fifty my power of getting into connection with it has entirely left me, and I have to confess that a great help has gone out of my life. Life has become curiously dead and indifferent, and I can now see that what I have spoken of as 'it,' was just my own individual sense of God which I relied upon for higher sympathy, but which I have lost."

*James, "Varieties of Religious Experience."*

Here is a man looking on at the death-sleep of his own soul.

The real peril of the age is the possibility that among the engrossing interests of modern life there shall be no outlook at all ; no open window of the mind, no holy city of the soul, the shutters of life closed, the little things crowding out the great ones, and the soul all unaware of the sunshine and landscape which lie at the very door. That is the materialism from which any life might pray to be set free, the practical materialism which curses American life—the shut-in, self-absorbed, unspiritualized, unhallowed life, the life without ideals,

## Temptations of Middle Age

the windows toward Jerusalem closed and barred,  
and the man within so busy that he has no time to  
look out to any distant tower for a sanctifying  
thought.

*Prof. Peabody.*

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy for a whole soul's tasking.

'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

*J. R. Lowell.*

The incompleteness of life which is moral but not religious was nobly expressed in the House of Commons by Lord Hugh Cecil in the heat of a debate on one of the most bitterly contested measures that ever became law. The passage is as follows :

“What we have to fight against is the growing materialism of the people. There is a tendency to think that national greatness rests on trade and territory instead of character. Imperialism may be a noble faith if it seeks to make the Empire strong in order that it may carry Christian civilization over the world, but there is much sordidness added with it, the petty spirit of the trader, the greed of gain. In this sacred war, in this struggle for the recognition of high principle in public life, Nonconformists and Churchmen are natural allies. . . . There are other allies whom I claim, those who accept everything in Christianity except its theology. They ought to fight with us. In the mansion of their hearts they have built a room, richly gemmed, hung round with all that is beautiful in art and literature. The sword of Justice is there, the sceptre of Righteousness, too, is there, and even the robe of loving Unity and Honour. Despite all

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these regalia, it is an empty room, *for the Throne is vacant.*"

This speech, uttered with intense conviction, is recognized as one of the most impressive ever delivered in the House of Commons.

— (515)  
man's  
depths  
“The Bible owes its place in literature,” it has been said, “not to miracles, but to the fact that it comes from a *profounder depth of life* than any other book.” Does it reach the depths? That is the test of all literature. It is the test also of all true living. “Out of the depths” come the great cries for God, and only a cry from the depths can reach Him. For there is in us all a buried life, and to discover that life, to lift it into consciousness, to discern whence it comes and whither it goes, is the profoundest of all quests.

Matthew Arnold deals with this in his poem “The Buried Life.”

But often in the world's most crowded streets,  
But often in the din of strife,  
There rises an unspeakable desire  
After the knowledge of our buried life :  
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force  
In tracking out our true original course ;  
A longing to inquire  
Into the mystery of this heart which beats  
So wild, so deep in us—to know  
Whence our lives come and where they go.

But alas ! while there arise these longings in us all, few of us delve deep enough. We are afraid, or we prefer to live on the surface, and so our lives remain shallow, and empty of deep conviction and of joy. Only to the few, to the resolute and the undaunted there come moments when—

# Temptations of Middle Age

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,  
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.  
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,  
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.  
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,  
And hears its winding murmur; and he sees  
The meadow where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race  
Wherein he doth for ever chase  
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.  
An air of coolness plays upon his face,  
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.  
And then he thinks he knows  
The hills where his life rose,  
And the sea where it goes.

Once upon a time there lived a poor boy. He had little in common with other children. He loved to wander by himself, to think and to dream all day. It was not that he was morose or did not care for his comrades, only that something within kept whispering to his childish heart that he had deeper lessons to comprehend than his schoolmates had. And an unseen hand would lead him away into the solitude where alone he could learn their meaning.

Ever amid the babel of the swarming street, would he hear strong, inner voices, speaking to him as he walked, telling him of the work that one day would be entrusted to his hands—work for God, such as is given only to the very few to do, work for the helping of God's children in the world, for the making of them stronger, truer and higher; and, in some dimly lighted corner, where for a moment he was alone, he would stand and raise his boyish hands to Heaven, and thank God for this great promised gift of noble usefulness, and



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pray that he might ever prove worthy of the trust ; and in the joy of his coming work, the little frets of life floated like driftwood on a deepening river ; and as he grew the voices spake to him ever more clearly, until he saw his work before him plainly, as a traveller on the hill-top sees the pathway through the vale.

And so the years passed, and he became a man, and his labour lay ready to his hand.

And then a foul demon came and tempted him—the demon that has killed many a better man before, that will kill many a great man yet—the demon of worldly success. And the demon whispered evil words in his ear, and, God forgive him ! he listened.

“ Of what good to *you*, think you, will it be your writing mighty truths and noble thoughts ? What will the world pay for *them* ? . . . You have talent, genius. Riches, luxury, power can be yours—soft beds and dainty foods. You can be great in the greatness that the world can see, famous with the fame your own ears will hear. Work for the world, and the world will pay you promptly ; the wages that the gods give are long delayed.”

And the demon prevailed over him, and he fell.

And instead of being the servant of God he became the slave of man. And he wrote for the multitude what they wanted to hear, and the multitude applauded and flung money to him, and as he would stoop to pick it up, he would grin and touch his cap, and tell them how generous and noble they were.

And the spirit of the artist that is handmaiden to the spirit of the prophet departed from him, and

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he grew into the clever huckster, whose only desire was to discover the public taste that he might pander to it.

Thus he became rich, and famous and great, and had fine clothes to wear and rich foods to eat, as the demon had promised him, and servants to wait on him, and horses, and carriages to ride in ; and he would have been happy—as happy as such things can make a man—only that at the bottom of his desk there lay (and he had never had the courage to destroy them) a little pile of faded manuscripts, written in a boyish hand, that would speak to him of the memory of a poor lad who had once paced the city's feet-worn stones, dreaming of no other greatness than that of being one of God's messengers to men, and who had died, and had been buried for all eternity, long years ago.

*Jerome K. Jerome, "Diary of a Pilgrimage."*

When I received this volume small  
My years were barely seventeen,  
When it was hoped I should be all  
Which once, alas, I might have been.

But now my years are thirty-five,  
And every mother hopes her lamb,  
And every happy child alive,  
May never be what I now am.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

The world ! the world ! it makes us like itself ; it unceasingly pursues us with its sarcasm, it penetrates to the heart, its unbelief envelops us, its frivolity shrivels us up, it looks with stony coldness on our enthusiasm and chills it to death, it drags out our dreams one by one and scatters them, it despoils us of everything—and when it sees us

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wretched objects like itself, made in its own image, disenchanted, without heart, without virtue, without belief, without passion and frozen with its own icy coldness, then it places us among the elect and tells us proudly, "You are now all right—you are one of us."

*Madame de Girardine, "Napoline."*

To the sea-shell's spiral round  
'Tis your heart that brings the sound :  
The soft sea murmurs that you hear  
Within, are captured from your ear.

You do poets and their song  
A grievous wrong,  
If your own soul does not bring  
To their high imagining  
As much beauty as they sing.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

**Mammon Worship.**—Not infrequently the lust for gold brings even the great masters down to the level of craftsmen. Thus my countryman and comrade, Perugino the Florentine, arrived at such rapidity of execution, that once he replied to his wife who called him to dinner, "Serve the soup while I paint one more saint."

*Leonardo da Vinci.*

According to Borrow, the Gypsies, in their fortune-telling, while they promise to the young various pleasures, to the old foretell riches, and only riches; "for they have sufficient knowledge of the human heart," remarks Borrow, "to be aware that avarice is the last passion that becomes extinct within it."

# Temptations of Middle Age

Sinclair Lewis in his novel entitled "Babbitt" gives a picture of the American business man, and of the life he leads :

"As he approached the office he walked faster and faster, muttering 'Guess better hustle.' All about him the city was hustling, for hustling's sake. Men in motors were hustling to pass one another in the hustling traffic. Men were hustling to catch trains, with another train a minute behind, and to leap from the trains to gallop across the pavement, to hurl themselves into buildings, into hustling express elevators. Men in dairy lunches were hustling to gulp down the food which cooks had hustled to fry. Men in barbers' shops were snapping 'Jus' shave me once over. Gotta hustle.' Men were feverishly getting rid of visitors in offices adorned with the signs 'This is my busy day,' and 'The Lord created the world in six days. You can spill all you gotta say in six minutes.' Men who had made 5,000 the year before last, and 10,000 last year, were urging on nerve-yelping bodies and parched brains so that they might make 20,000 this year, and the men who had broken down immediately after making their 20,000 dollars were hustling to catch trains, to hustle through the vacations which the hustling doctors had ordered."

Men crave increase of riches ever  
With insensate craving. Never  
From the finger-pointed halls  
Of envied wealth, their owner calls  
"Enter no more. I have enough."

*Æschylus.*

In Sir James Barrie's "Half Hours" there is a scene in "The Will" in which Mr. Devizes, a

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lawyer, notices the pallor of an old clerk who has been in his service for many years. He asks him what is wrong, and is told that he is suffering from a fatal disease :

Mr. DEVIZES (*uncomfortably*) : I'm sure it's not—what you fear. Any specialist would tell you so.

SURTEES (*without looking up*) : I have been to one, sir—yesterday.

Mr. DEVIZES : Well ?

SURTEES : It's—that sir.

Mr. DEVIZES : He couldn't be sure.

SURTEES : Yes, sir.

Mr. DEVIZES : An operation——

SURTEES : Too late, he said, for that. If I had been operated on long ago I might have had a chance.

Mr. DEVIZES : But you didn't have it long ago.

SURTEES : Not to my knowledge, sir ; but he says it was there all the same, always in me, a black spot, not so big as a pin's head, but waiting to spread and destroy me in the fulness of time.

Mr. DEVIZES (*helpless*) : It seems damnably unfair.

SURTEES (*humbly*) : I don't know, sir. He says there is a spot of that kind in pretty nigh all of us, and if we don't look out it does for us in the end.

Mr. DEVIZES (*hurriedly*) : No. No. No.

SURTEES : He called it the accursed thing. I think he meant we should know of it and be on the watch.

In "The Will" Sir James Barrie with keen insight shows how the "one dark spot" grows in human lives, and leads to their undoing, unless they discover their danger.

## Temptations of Middle Age

On three occasions Philip Ross enters the private room of Mr. Devizes, a lawyer. On the first occasion an engraving of Queen Victoria is seen on the wall, on the second one of King Edward, on the third one of King George. These indicate the passing of time. On the first Philip Ross enters with his young wife to make his will ; they are poor but happy in each other's love. Time passes and Philip Ross succeeds. He enters the lawyer's room to change his will, and shows himself changed. He is now a person of importance, swollen and grandiloquent ; his son is at Eton. " Last Saturday he was caught smoking cigarettes with a lord," he boasts ; " they were sick together." His daughter is to marry into a title.

Time passes. The old lawyer has given place to his son, and wanders into the office which he hasn't visited for years. His memory is gone, and he sits down by the fire. The son enters, and also Philip Ross, now a baronet. But all has gone wrong. His daughter and son have disgraced him, the money which he has won by his blood has become a curse to him, he wants a will made leaving his money to his enemies with his respectful curses.

At that moment the old lawyer wakes from his dream and hears about a will. He doesn't know Sir Philip Ross, but he remembers a Mr. Ross of long ago who with his pretty wife came to make his will. " And bless me, they hadn't twopence halfpenny. I took a fancy to them, such a happy pair. Poor souls, it all ended unhappily, you know."

SIR PHILIP : Why did things go wrong, sir ?  
I sit and wonder and can't find the beginning.

MR. DEVIZES : That's the sad part of it. There



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was never a beginning. It was always there. He told me all about it.

SIR PHILIP : What was it that was always there ?

MR. DEVIZES : It was always in them—a spot no bigger than a pin's head, but waiting to destroy them in the fulness of time. It's called the accursed thing. It get's nearly everybody in the end if they don't look out.

**Spiritual Blindness.**—When Lord Melbourne had accidentally found himself the unwilling hearer of a rousing Evangelical sermon about sin and its consequences, he exclaimed with much disgust as he left the church, “ Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life ! ”

When Bishop Hurd was called upon to preach the Assize sermon at Worcester in 1752, he chose for his theme—“ The mischief of Enthusiasm and the Exorbitance of Ungoverned Piety.”

*Overton and Relton,*

“ The Church in the Eighteenth Century.”

Coleridge and Shelley visited Chamounix about the same time. As a result the one wrote his noble hymn in the Vale of Chamounix in which Nature seemed to take one voice, and echo and re-echo to the name of God. The other wrote in the visitors' book “ Percy Bysshe Shelley. Atheist.”

When Sir Humphry Davy returned from a visit to Paris he was asked how the picture galleries had impressed him. “ The finest collection of frames that I ever saw,” he said. Caught by the glitter he had missed the masterpieces.



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How one may be surrounded on all sides by misery, and by evil conditions born of injustice, and yet remain blind and unaffected by them is curiously illustrated by Edmund Gosse, in his volume on "Jeremy Taylor" in the "English Men of Letters" series. He begins by pointing out a remarkable omission in his sermons. These sermons are amongst the most able and profound in the English language, but they hardly ever mention the poor, hardly ever refer to their sorrows, and show practically no interest in their state. The sermons were preached in South Wales, where poverty abounded. The cry of the poor and the hungry, the ill-clothed and the needy ceaselessly ascended up to heaven, and called out for pity and redress, but this eloquent divine never seemed to hear it, he lived and wrote and preached surrounded by the suffering and needy, and yet remained scarcely conscious of their existence. 815

In "Brand" Ibsen represents a young clergyman who mourns the loss of the heroic in his day and generation. He sees in his contemporaries a squalid race that shrinks from every sacrifice and hides itself in insincerities begotten by self-inflicted feebleness. He finds them striving to be all things to all men, to be a little of everything but everything in nothing—a little religion for use on Sundays, a little patriotism for national anniversaries, a little hilarity to mix in the world with, a little perception of everything that demands greatness of perception.

Their very religion is in keeping with all this. They repeat the Lord's Prayer, but there is not a line of it that is winged with will, and has in it such depth and consistence of demand as will launch it

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heavenward, not one except the petition "Give us this day our daily bread." Wrenched from its context, this is the storm-tossed spar which tells of the wreck of faith. Yet even this indicates that they are not wholly material, only falsely true. They still haggle for a little spiritual consolation, a little idealism, a little spiritual exaltation, but they have not the manhood to leap into the arena crying "All or nothing."

Against this miserable, sordid, decrepit religion Brand declares war to the death. Better become frankly material and godless, better become an acknowledged "muck-raker" on the one hand, or Bacchanal on the other, than cheat oneself with such a sham. If there is a God to serve, then it must be everything, for He is no benevolent old man. His love is the love of One who could listen to the prayer of agony in Gethsemane, *and yet not take away the cup.*

"I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a single line of poetry: I have tried recently to read Shakespeare and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseates me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding out

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general laws of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that (æsthetic) part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

C. Darwin.

How spiritual blindness may companion itself even with spiritual fervour may be traced in the strange confessions of Angela di Foligras, the famous Italian mystic. She had the power of withdrawing herself for long periods from the outward world, and when she returned from what seemed to be a trance to normal consciousness, she gave an account of the joyous communion she had experienced with her Lord. This led her at last to make this confession :

"In that time and by God's will, there died my mother, who was a great hindrance unto me in following the way of God : my husband died likewise, and in a short time there also died all my children. And because I had commenced to follow the aforesaid way, and had prayed God that He would rid me of them, I had great consolation of their deaths, albeit I did also feel some grief."

Arnold Bennett in his novel "The Regent" describes a *nouveau riche* standing in his drawing-room and gloating over the purchases his sudden wealth permitted him to make. "The one ornament of the walls which attracted him was a large and splendidly framed oil painting of a

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ruined castle in the midst of a sombre forest, through which cows were strolling. In the tower of the castle was a clock, and this clock was a realistic timepiece whose fingers moved and told the hour. Two of the oriel windows of the castle were realistic holes in the masonry : through one of them you could put a key to wind up the clock, and through the other you could put a key to wind up the secret musical-box which played sixteen different tunes. He had bought this handsome relic of the Victorian era at an auction sale in the Strand."

**The Intolerant Mind.**—Sidney Smith shortly before his death in 1844 gave the following as a proof of his declining strength :

"I verily believe that, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength and energy enough to stick it into a Dissenter."

513. There is a famous passage in Cicero in which he records that a prisoner having spent his life in a dark dungeon, and knowing only what light was from a small fissure in the rock, inferred that if the wall were removed the light would cease to exist because the fissure would be destroyed. Many religious people live in a similar dungeon, and draw the same inference. They think that if the walls they have built to safeguard the light were destroyed truth itself would perish.

**Supercilious** is a picture word. It comes from *super* (over) and *cilium* (an eyebrow). It means that haughty and arrogant look with which one man may regard another, a raising of the eyebrow

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which expresses his disdain and consciousness of superiority.

“Look at these people,” said Matthew Arnold, referring to the middle classes, “look at the clothes they wear, the books they read, the texture of mind which composes their thoughts. Would any amount of money compensate for being like one of them?”

The superciliousness of which the above <sup>thus</sup> is a perfect illustration is commended by Aristotle in his “Ethics.” The name he gives it is megalopsuchia—sense of superiority. There is nothing more utterly opposed to the teaching of Christ.

In the great Agrarian revolt of 1548 in East Anglia the royal messenger spoke contemptuously of the rebels, calling them “villeins.” Thus was he answered by their leader, Robert Kett: “Call no man villein who has been redeemed by the precious shedding of Christ’s blood.”

For the cure of this curse of superciliousness, Dante, in his “Purgatory,” represents those who on earth were guilty of it as walking with heads bent reading on the pavement the deeds of those who possessed the heroic quality of humility.

Jesus who deem’dst it not unmeet  
To wash Thine own disciples’ feet  
Though Thou wert Lord of all:  
Teach me thereby this wisdom meet,  
That they who self-abasement seek,  
Alone shall fear no fall.

On Ibsen’s table beside his inkstand was a small tray. Its contents were extraordinary. Some little

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carved wooden Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs, and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin.

"I never write a single line of one of my dramas," said Ibsen, "unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them," he repeated. "Why I use them is my own secret." And he laughed quietly.

But is it a secret? Is that tray not the explanation of much that is found in Ibsen's work? Bitterness, the portrayal of life which is empty, and cynicism, the turning of men into puppets!

Your wisdom made me worn and old  
And sick of life beneath the sun,  
But you passed onward calm and cold,  
Unconscious of the harm you'd done,  
By your crusade so strictly truthful,  
Against enthusiasms youthful.

Dean Stanley tells his friend Lake of an acquaintance among the freshmen at Oxford :

"A good type of his class apparently, who quotes the Articles as Scripture, the Church as infallible. I went out for a walk with him one day. Suddenly a look of horror appeared on his face. 'I did not know that such a thing was tolerated in Oxford,' he said, pointing to a notice on the wall. I imagined it to be something dreadful; it was an innocent *To the Chapel*. 'Oh,' said I, 'you mean the Dissenting Chapel?' 'Yes, how could it have been built here? I wonder they didn't pull it down long ago.'"



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When in 1857 Stanley was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford, Pusey wrote to him the following letter :

MY DEAR STANLEY,

Now that you are coming among us, I must say what I have not hitherto said.

Loving you personally, I was grieved not to be able to congratulate you on your appointment. But I viewed it with sorrow and fear.

I am sure that, whatever ground your and Professor Jowett's pupils occupy, it will not be yours. It must be onward or backward. I have said to Professor Jowett that I could not hold his faith for an hour. Intellectually it is, I am sure, inconsistent, and although in some way his religious feeling enables him, I suppose, not to push things to their results, with his pupils it must be different. Pupils see the inconsistency, and either follow out theories to their consequence, or give up the theory. But actual unbelief has made frightful inroads already.

Of your later works I have read less. Only in the "Sinai and Palestine" I see the shrinking from the mention of miracles, which, in the next generation, develops into the unbelief of them. The reports which I have heard of your lecture on Abraham were very distressing to me.

I do not care to involve you in needless controversy. I only wish you to know that what might seem to you coldness was not such, but simple distress.

Yours affectionately,

E. B. PUSEY.



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Stanley's reply, which follows, is one of the finest pieces of literature of the nineteenth century :

MY DEAR DR. PUSEY,

I am much obliged to you for your kind note. I will not enter into any controversy on the points you mention. You will, however, perhaps permit me to say this much, I trust with all due respect.

First, as I know that you have greatly misunderstood what my friend Professor Jowett has said on one class of subjects, so I trust that you may also have misunderstood what I may have said on a different class of subjects.

Secondly, I would beg respectfully, but seriously, to suggest to you that the fears which you express respecting the tendency of the teaching of those from whom you differ, are the very same which are entertained by many excellent persons respecting the tendency of the teaching of those with whom you agree.

I do not doubt that your teaching, which by many is thought so dangerous, and necessarily conducing to results that you would greatly deprecate, is to some among us the best stay of their faith. But I am no less sure that the teaching of those whom you dread, may be, and is, the best stay of the faith of others, who if your teaching were their sole alternative, would be driven into utter unbelief.

Forgive me if I have spoken more openly than our respective positions would justify, and believe me that I shall only be too anxious to believe that we have always the same object in view, namely, that of building up the faith of the rising generation

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on a foundation which cannot be shaken, and leaving the unknown results to God. I remain, my dear Dr. Pusey, with many thanks for former kindness still gratefully remembered,

Yours very faithfully,

A. P. STANLEY.

Men, when at their best, when most Christian, rejoice to find themselves one with all men of good will, one in hope and one in spirit.

It was a Spanish Roman Catholic—Cervantes—who said, “Many are the roads by which God carries His own to heaven.” It was the venerable patriarch of German Catholic theology, Dr. Döllinger, who said that “theology must transform her mission from a mission of polemics into a mission of eirenics ; which, if it be worthy of the name, must become a science, not as heretofore, for making war, but for making peace, and thus bring about the reconciliation of the Churches for which the whole civilized world is longing.”

In their loftiest moods of inspiration the Catholic Thomas à Kempis, the Puritan Milton, the Anglican Keble, rose above their peculiar tenets, and “above the limits that divide denominations, into the higher regions of a common Christianity.” It was the Baptist Bunyan who taught the world that there was “a common ground of communion which no difference of external rites could efface.” It was Dr. Chalmers who, in the very heat of the great Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843 asked the question, “Who cares about any Church, but as an instrument of Christian good ?” It was the Scottish Episcopalian Archbishop Leighton who declared that “the mode of Church govern-

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ment is unconstrained ; but peace and concord, kindness and good will are indispensable." It was Zwinglius who loved to dwell on " the meeting in the presence of God of every blessed spirit, every holy character, every faithful soul that has existed from the beginning of the world even to the consummation thereof." It was " the main, fundamental, overpowering principle " of Wesley's life, not to promote particular doctrines, but to elevate the whole Christian world in the great Christian principle of Christian holiness and morality." It was the solemn proclamation of a message of " unity and comprehension "—" in necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity "—which Richard Baxter carried to " a stormy and divided age " that gave the great Nonconformist leader his pre-eminence. Finally it was the Moravian Gambold who wrote :

The man

That could surround the sum of things, and spy  
The heart of God and secrets of His empire,  
Would speak of Love. With Love the bright result  
*Would change the hue of intermediate things,*  
*And make one thing of all theology.*

" Life of Dean Stanley."

Lord : not haughty is my heart : And not lofty are my eyes :  
And I go not into great things : nor things too wonderful for me.  
I have calmed and quieted my soul : Like a weanèd child with  
its mother,

Like a weanèd child is my soul within me.

Psalm cxxxi.

Among gifts of nature, intellectual talents are often accompanied with an overweening sense of importance, and with the craving for recognition

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and notoriety. . . . In a character like the German Nietzsche, for instance, this self-importance is seen grown to such colossal dimensions that he makes out of his own morbid cravings a philosophy of existence, teaching that the only law for man is to grasp the universe in his desires, and then march forward to realize his ambition, in utter disregard of the happiness of other people. This is the apotheosis of pride.

*Dr. Stalker.*

He that is down need fear no fall,  
He that is low no pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his Guide.

The inclination that springs from the consciousness of ability or learning scornfully to depreciate others of more meagre mental equipment is one of the most insidious forms of Pride. Tennyson thus portrays this attitude :

O God-like isolation which art mine,  
I can but count the perfect gain,  
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine  
That range on yonder plain.

“ Palace of Art.”

Tolerance is far more than the abandonment of civil usurpations over the conscience. Toleration means reverence for all the possibilities of truth, it means acknowledgment that she dwells in divers mansions, and wears vesture of many colours, and speaks in strange tongues ; it means frank respect for freedom of indwelling conscience against mechanic forms, official conventions, social force ; it means the charity that is greater than faith and

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hope. Marked is the day for the man when he can truly say, as Mr. Gladstone said, "Long, long have I cast these weeds behind me."

*John Morley.*

Mark my words. I tell thee truly  
Pride that lifts itself unduly  
Had a godless heart for sire.  
Healthy-minded moderation  
Wins the wealthy consummation  
Every heart's desire.

*Æschylus.*

## Man's Inhumanity to Man.

'Tis a very good world to live in,  
To spend, and to lend, and to give in :  
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for our own  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

*Earl of Rochester (?)*

When the wild Highlander in "Rob Roy" says in answer to the question who he is, "I am a man," "A man," repeated Frank Osbaldistone, "that is a very brief description." "It will serve," answered the outlaw, "for one who has no other to give. And he who is without name, without friends, without coin, and without country is still, at least, a man ; and he that has all these has no more."

She cheered each dry committee,  
With tales of absent folk,  
And let not truth nor pity,  
Impair her little joke.  
Till loves were soiled, and lives were spoiled  
By every word she spoke.

William J. Locke, in his novel entitled "Simon the Jester," represents Simon, the hero of the

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book, walking along a street in the East End with  
Campion, an enthusiast in rescue work :

An anæmic, flirtatious group passed us, the  
girls in front, the boys behind.

"Good God, Campion," says Simon, "what *can*  
you do?"

"Pity them, old chap," he returned quickly.

"What's the good of that?"

"Good? Oh, I see." He laughed with a touch  
of scorn. "It's a question of definition. When  
you see a fellow-creature suffering and it shocks  
your refined sensibilities and you say, 'poor devil,'  
and pass on, you think you have pitied him. But  
you haven't. You think pity's a passive virtue.  
But it isn't. If you really pity anybody, you go  
mad to help him. You don't stand by with tears  
of sensibility running down your cheeks. You  
stretch out your hand because you've got to. If  
he won't take it, or wipes you over the head, that's  
his look-out. You can't work miracles. But once  
in a way he does take it, and then—well, you work  
with all your might to pull him through. And if  
you do, what bigger thing is there in the world than  
the salvation of a human soul?"

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest? then lovest thou likewise  
thy brethren :

One is the sun in heaven ! and one, only one, is Love also !  
Bears not each human figure the god-like stamp on his forehead ?  
Readeest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing  
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown,—and is he not guided  
By the same stars that guide thee ?

*Longfellow.*

Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.



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There is a day coming when many of us shall wish that every penny we have given to the poor had been a pound, when those who have begged from us on behalf of the suffering and ignorant, but of whose importunities we have complained, will be accounted our best benefactors ; and when it will be more valuable to us to remember one hour passed in the garret of the poor, than a hundred spent at the tables of the rich.

*Dr. Stalker.*

Tolstoi has a story of a shoemaker, who going home one night saw a stranger poorly clad, standing shivering at the church door. Moved by pity he took him home. His wife complained at first, and as she did so the stranger grew smaller and smaller. At every unkind word he seemed to grow wrinkled and thin, whereas when she spoke pleasantly and gave him food he grew more and more beautiful. Why? Because the stranger was an angel who had fallen from heaven, and who could not live *except in an atmosphere of love and kindness.*

Turgeniev, the Russian writer, tells in his "Poems in Prose" how one day he met a beggar who besought him for alms. "I felt in all my pockets," he writes. "No purse, watch, or handkerchief did I find. I had left them all at home. The beggar waited, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly. Embarrassed and confused I seized his dirty hand and pressed it : 'Don't be vexed with me, brother, I have nothing with me, brother.' The beggar raised his blood-shot eyes to mine, his blue lips smiled, and he returned the pressure of the chilled fingers. 'Never



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mind, brother,' he stammered, 'thank you for this. This too was a gift, brother.' I felt that I too had received a gift from my brother."

**The Swamp of Voluptuousness.**—O how often, when alone in the desert with the wild beasts and scorpions, half-dead with fasting and penance, have I fancied myself a spectator of the sins of Rome, and of the dances of its young women.

*Jerome*, "Letter to Eustochices."

One of the shortest and most telling sermons I ever heard was given by a friend, a doctor who had charge of an hospital. "Young man," he said in a solemn tone, as he laid bare his sickening sores, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." I felt as if I had been present at the Last Judgment.

According to the Rabbis "our passions and temptations are first like travellers who stay with us only for a short time : then like guests on a visit, who stay for a longer time : until at last they become our masters, staying with us always."

Compare *Thomas à Kempis*, Ch. xiii :

First there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, than a strong imagination thereof, afterwards delight and evil motion, and then consent."

Capua was one of the most luxurious cities in Italy. It corrupted Hannibal. Before he took up his winter quarters there, he was everywhere victorious. From that time his star began to wane, and ere long he was himself an exile.

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Plutarch in his "Life of Alexander the Great" describes how he and his Macedonian troops became corrupted by the wealth and opportunities for debauch made possible by their victories. Alexander himself, controlled in youth, succumbed to temptation, was sometimes almost mad with wine and indulgence, and died in the midst of a carousal. His hardy soldiers became weak and effeminate, and soon the huge fabric of his empire crumbled into dust.

To express the debasing power of sensuality and appetite the Greeks invented the story of Circe. She lived in the island of *Ææa*, and possessed powers of enchantment by means of which she first charmed her victims, and then turned them into swine.

Briton Rivière has a powerful picture in which he represents Circe in appearance innocent and young, so that her girlish purity would be her deepest wile. The different faces of the swine are wonderful in their realism: there is one, a dark one, in which the look of raging lust is positively terrifying. In the background is seen the overhanging vine, and beside Circe the cup which she offered to her victims, and which stole away their senses.

Curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,  
And leave the hot swamps of voluptuousness,  
A cloud between the nameless and thyself,  
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,  
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou  
Look higher, then—perchance, thou mayest, beyond  
A hundred ever-rising lines  
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see  
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day  
Strike on the Mount of Vision.

*Tennyson.*

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In the fatal love of Sir Launcelot and Guinevere, Tennyson works out the nemesis of sin, and its blinding effect upon the sinner. Here is the lament of Launcelot :

For what am I? What profits me my name  
Of greatest Knight? I fought for it, and have it,  
Pleasure to have it none, to lose it pain;  
Now grown a part of me, but what use is it?  
To make man worse by making my sin known,  
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great. . . .

May God, I pray Him  
Send a sudden angel down  
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere  
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.

Guinevere, after the discovery of their false love, flies to the convent of Almesbury, and there pours out the grief of her awakened heart :

He, the King,  
Called me polluted : shall I kill myself?  
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin  
If soul be soul, nor can I kill my shame :  
No, nor by living can I live it down.  
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,  
The months will add themselves, and make the years,  
The years will roll into the centuries,  
And mine shall ever be a name of scorn.



PART IV

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR



## CHAPTER I

### LENGTHENING SHADOWS

#### The Flight of Time.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near :  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.

*Andrew Marvell.*

#### Be Not Afraid.

Grow old along with me;  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made :  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith "a whole I planned,"  
Youth shows but half : trust God : see all, nor be afraid.

*Browning.*

**Growth and Decay.**—It is a remarkable fact that in the great Renaissance period, when art reached its most glorious triumphs, many of the greatest artists produced their masterpieces comparatively late in life. Da Vinci was close upon fifty when he completed the "Last Supper," the greatest picture in the realms of art. Giovanni Bellini continued working to a ripe old age without showing decline, and both Titian and Michael Angelo produced their greatest masterpieces when they were old men.



## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

There is a well-known engraving of the sixteenth century which represents an old man sitting in a child's wheel-chair, with the inscription over it "Ancora Imparo" (I still learn). This phrase was constantly on the lips of Michael Angelo as in old age he hewed at the marbles, and refused rest.

**Friend in Old Age.**—For years Samuel Taylor Coleridge—one of the most gifted men of his generation—was a slave to the drug habit. In one dreadful twenty-four hours he actually consumed a quart of laudanum, yet so inured had his system become to it that it induced only a kind of chronic convulsion. He wrestled and prayed to rid himself of the curse, but all seemed in vain. At length a stranger hearing of his case opened his home to him, and for nineteen years Coleridge found there a shelter. By unremitting care and patient watchfulness the habit at last was broken. It was during these years that he wrote "Aids to Reflection," one of the great books of the nineteenth century. About the same time he wrote this evening prayer, which reveals the secrets of his inner life :

"O God, Who alone knowest the heart of man, if the thought and purpose of my heart be upright before Thee, vouchsafe even yet in Thy mercy in this my decay of life, an interval of strength : if so, Thy grace assisting me, I may make some compensation for the wasted talents Thou hast entrusted to me, and the neglected opportunities which Thy loving kindness had provided. Let me be found a labourer in Thy vineyard, though of the late hour, when the Lord Himself calleth for His servant."

## Lengthening Shadows

**Prayer of the Aged.**—Three things I would ask of God . . . this first, that I may escape into retirement (for the preparation of my soul). Second, that I may speedily be able to divest myself of everything resembling wealth. Third, if I may, that when God calls me, He may call me speedily.

“Life of Gladstone.”

### Preparation.

If God were pleased to satisfy  
My every whim,  
I'd tell you just the little things  
I'd ask of Him:  
A little love—a little love, and that comes first of all,  
And then a chance, and more than one, to raise up  
Them that fall:  
Enough, not overmuch, to spend:  
And discourse that would charm me  
With one familiar friend:  
A little music and, perhaps, a song or two to sing:  
  
And I would ask of God to grant one other thing:  
Before old Death can grimly smile  
And take me unawares,  
A little time to rest awhile  
To think and say my prayers.  
*Ernest Raymond, “Tell England.”*

**Temptation of Old Age.**—One of the difficulties of old age is to keep in touch and in sympathy with the young. In every age it has seemed to those growing old as if the changes in habit and in outlook which they witnessed spelt the dissolution of society and of morality. Of this Morley gives an illustration in “The Life of Queen Victoria”:

“The Queen,” he says, “was assuredly not a misanthrope, yet she said once a deep and strange thing to an Archbishop. ‘As I get older,’ she

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

said, ' I cannot understand the world. I cannot comprehend its littleness. When I look at its frivolities and littlenesses it seems to me as if people were all a little mad.' ”

**Light at Eventide.**—In “ The Story of an African Farm ” Olive Schreiner depicts in the character of Lyndall, one who passed through much tribulation, seeking for the light yet ever bewildered, and ever seemingly defeated. She dies far away from her friends, and alone, save for one who followed her and nursed her. As the end drew near, her companion saw her with fixed eyes gazing into a corner of the room. Softly he asked her what she saw there, and with a voice strangely unlike her own she replied, “ I see the vision of a poor weak soul striving after good. It was not cut short ; and, in the end, it learnt, through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for others ; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them ; that happiness is a great love and much serving.”

### Retrospect.

It is enough, if, at the close of day,  
Thou resting wearied limbs, canst truly say,  
I have walked humbly with my God this day :—  
It is enough.

Though failure, oft repeated, dim the light  
Of high resolve, wherewith thy youth was bright,  
If each first morn thou gird them to the fight,  
It is enough. . . .

Though death should come ere half the projects vast,  
Which seemed thy life's breath, into form are cast,  
If without wrath or fear thou breathe thy last,  
It is enough.

# Lengthening Shadows

And when the Dark shall flee before the Day,  
And God shall comfort thee in His great way,  
Then thou at last in utter peace shalt say :—  
It is enough.

*Dorothea Hollins.*

Dr. Dale, in a letter to his brother, ~~once~~ wrote :  
“ It is a great thing to have forty years behind you without any great catastrophe or shame. As time goes on, I think I feel more and more vividly a sense of relief when those I love are safely through another year : the sense of relief is still keener in relation to myself, for I suppose every man thinks his own perils greatest. The ice cracks in such unexpected places—the ship is so apt to strike on rocks when the chart gave no warning of them, that mere safety seems to me a much greater reason for thankfulness than it used to be. To do some great thing is the craving of early ambition : to do quiet duty honestly and without serious falls satisfies the heart when youth disappears.”

Lockhart in his “ Life of Sir Walter Scott,” tells of a conversation between him and the great novelist, when the latter was nearing death :

“ I have been, perhaps,” he said, “ the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a comfort for me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man’s faith, to corrupt no man’s principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out.”

Compare this noble claim with Byron’s lines written when he was thirty-six years of age :

My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone :  
The worm, the canker and the grief  
Are mine alone.

## CHAPTER II

### THE DISCIPLINE OF LONELINESS

If chosen souls could never be alone  
In deep mid-silence open-doored to God,  
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done !

*Lowell.*

**Loneliness.**—Mrs. Oliphant in her book on “The Makers of Florence,” describes Mariotto Albertinelli’s picture in the Uffizi Gallery of the “Visitation,” in which under a porch, with the blue sky as a background, Elizabeth, with a gesture of eager love welcomes the shrinking Mother of our Lord. How deeply such a picture may appeal to a lonely heart is described by Mrs. Oliphant in the following words : “ I have heard of a woman, sadly lonely in a strange country, and little aware of the merits of the picture, poor soul ! who would go and linger in the room ‘for company,’ wistfully wishing that the kind, penetrating, sympathetic tale of that old, tender Elizabeth could fall on herself.”

The poignancy of this passage is deepened by the fact that the lonely woman referred to was Mrs. Oliphant herself.

**Unseen Companionship.**—I once crossed the Atlantic in late December. We had been shut

## The Discipline of Loneliness

down in the cabin for several days, but one afternoon just before nightfall, when the wet, wintry sunset smeared the southern sky, I crawled up to the slippery, solitary decks. Around me was the great waste of waters, heaving like a fevered bosom, and already black with the shadows of approaching night. There was not a human being that I could see on deck, and one never felt more acutely the sense of absolute loneliness. On every hand were the tumbling, chasing, foam-streaked waves ; underneath the creaking, labouring ship—but not a sign of life in the darkening day. Just as I was about to turn to go down to the warmly lighted cabin, suddenly upon the ragged edge of the horizon I saw the flashing of a light. Nearer and nearer it drew to us, and in a few minutes we picked out the lines of a gaily lighted ship upon its voyage. Signals were exchanged and in its presence there came into that wintry night a sense of fellowship that destroyed the loneliness that a few moments before had been so oppressive.

*D. S. Mackay,*

“ The Religion of the Threshold.”

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness ;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

*Longfellow.*

**Isolation.**—How lonely we are in the world ! You and your wife have pressed the same pillow for forty years and fancy yourselves united : pshaw ! does she cry out when you have the gout, or do you lie awake when she has the toothache ? . . . As for your wife, O philosophic reader, answer and say



## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

“Do you tell *her* all?” Ah, sir, a distinct universe walks about under your hat and under mine—all things in nature are different to each—the woman we look at has not the same features, the dish we eat from has not the same taste to the one and to the other—you and I are but a pair of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near us.

*Thackeray, “Pendennis.”*

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,  
With echoing strains between us thrown,  
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.

*M. Arnold.*

**The Coming Day.**—When I look on the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me: when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out: when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion: when I see the graves of the parents themselves, I conceive the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind.

*Addison,*  
“Reflections in Westminster Abbey.”



## CHAPTER III

### SUFFERING'S SOFT FACE

**Suffering.**—There is no short cut, no patent tramroad to wisdom ; after all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must be trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old.

*George Eliot.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And life is perfected in death.

*E. B. Browning.*

Most men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong.  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

*Shelley.*

“Suffering,” says Taine, in a profound passage, “must be measured by inward emotion, and not by outward circumstances.”

Sorrow remarries us to God.

*Dante.*

The best of men  
That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer :  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

*Thomas Dekker.*

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

**Sorrow's Soft Face.**—Barrie tells how his mother returned home after the death of her eldest son stricken in heart :

"She came back to her desolate home and bowed herself before God. But she never recovered the blow. From that time she sat in the chair by the window tended by her noble daughter Jess. That is how my mother got her soft face," says Barrie, "and her pathetic ways, and her large charities, and how other mothers ran to her when they had lost a child."

**Unseen Comradeship.**—There is a pathetic little incident in the life of Robert Louis Stevenson which illustrates the sort of comfort that comes to one from the sense of unseen comradeship. In his early days Stevenson was a weak, fragile child suffering from a hacking cough which often kept him awake night after night. He had a devoted Scottish nurse—Alison Cunningham—to whom he dedicated one of his books. Often, when the boy could not sleep, this faithful soul would lift him in her arms and croon to him some of the old Scottish songs to pass away the hours of darkness until morning. But sometimes, when the little fellow was more than ordinarily restless, she would carry him to the window in the silent night, and across the square in front of the house she would point out here and there other lighted windows, "where," says Stevenson in referring to it, "we would tell each other that there were perhaps other little children who were sick, and who, like us, were waiting for the dawn."

What a picture it is,—the frail little child looking wistfully out into the black night and taking

## Suffering's Soft Face

comfort from these lighted windows where, perhaps, there were other little children who were sick, and like him were waiting for the dawn. Ah ! wondrous power of human sympathy ! How true it is that it is the lights of friendship that gleam here and there through the darkness of our nights of sorrow that help us to wait for the breaking of God's dawn !

*D. S. Mackay.*

### The Gift of Sorrow.

KING SKULE : Tell me, Iatgier, how came you to be a bard ? Who taught you the art ?

IATGIER : The art cannot be taught, Sire.

KING SKULE : It cannot be taught ! Then how came it ?

IATGIER : One gave me the gift of sorrow, and so I became a bard. ]

*Ibsen.*

Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.  
*Shelley.*

**Music in the Storm.**—A baron weary of life retired from Court, and built a castle on the heights overlooking the Rhine. In his loneliness he attached wires to one side of the turret, and fixed them to the other, that by the music of the wind his loneliness might be soothed by the æolian lyre. No music, however, was heard. One night there broke out a violent storm which shook the castle to its foundations. Then broke out the triumphant song.

**Recovery.**—George Herbert in his poem "The Flower" has a famous verse which seems written

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

“for every man who tries to live the life of the Spirit” :

And now in age I bud again,  
After so many deaths I live and write ;  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing. O my only light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

**The Cleansing Tide of Anguish.**—Ibsen, spurned by his countrymen, forced by poverty to endure hardship, exiled from his native land, sees at last that all these things have worked together for good in him. He thanks his country for the cleansing tide of every anguish. “For each plant that has thriven in the garden of my calling, stands rooted deep in those same times. Have thanks, my land, thy gift to me was best.”

## ( Joy in Sorrow.

Joy and woe are woven fine,  
A clothing for the soul divine.  
Under every grief and pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine.

*Wm. Blake.*

## CHAPTER IV

### FOOTPATHS TO PEACE

**Peace.**—A story is told of a certain Margrave Charles of Baden-Durlach, that on one of his hunting expeditions he fell asleep under an oak, and dreamt of a lordly castle built in the midst of the forest which seemed to him an embodiment of peace. So when he woke he resolved to build such a palace far from the haunts of men, part of which still stands. When the palace was built he called it Carlsruhe, from which the city which has now 200,000 inhabitants receives its name. A Latin inscription is still to be seen at the entrance to the palace, which reads thus :

“ In the year 1715 I was a forest, the resort of wild beasts ; a lover of peace sought out this solitude where he might contemplate the beauties of Nature, and, despising vain things, worship the Creator. Nevertheless the people followed after and built what thou seest. Thus there is no peace so long as the sun shines except in God. If thou dost truly desire this peace thou mayest enjoy it even in the midst of the world. Anno 1728.”

### Resignation.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,  
And I said in under-breath—all our life is mixed with Death,  
And who knoweth which is best ?

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,  
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our  
incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness, His rest.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

**What Brings Peace ?**—A political victory, a rise in rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of an absent friend, or some other favourable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

*Emerson.*

Bid our peace increase,  
Thou that madest morn :  
Bid depression cease,  
Bid the night be peace,  
Bid the day be born.

*Swinburne.*

**Submission.**—In “A Student in Arms,” Donald Hankey deals with the effect of discipline upon the raw recruits who joined the army during the war, and how this discipline contributed to the enriching of their manhood :

“Submission was obviously the only course ; and by degrees he learnt to do more than submit. He learnt the pride of submission. He came to believe in the discipline. He gained self-respect from his subordination to it, and when he went home on furlough, wearing the uniform of it, he boasted of it to the evident envy of his civilian chums. He was learning one of the great truths of life, a truth that so many fail to learn—that it is not in isolation but as a member of a body that

## Footpaths to Peace

a man finds his fullest self-expression ; that it is not in self-assertion, but in self-subordination ; not as an individual but as one of many brethren, sons of one Father, that a man finds the complete satisfaction of his instincts and the highest form of liberty."

**Patience.**—Alexander Peden is represented by a poet as taking counsel with God as to whether or no in the day of trial he should be able to keep steadfast :

So I sought the Lord when we met  
At the black Moffat water to get  
Just a blink of light on the way,  
And to know whether I should play  
The man in the dark times yet.

But He said, " Content you now  
You shall be where I think best."  
" Yea Lord," I said, " but Thou  
Knowest I never did bow  
To Baal with the rest,  
Nor take the black false test."  
But He said, " Content you now."

## Resignation.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
Behold, I will build me a nest  
In the Greatness of God.



## CHAPTER V

### THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

#### God's Saints.

God's saints are shining lights.  
They are indeed our pillar fires  
Seen as we go.  
They are that city's shining spires  
We travel to.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**Saintliness.**—"Nothing is more false historically than the saints that adorn our churches. With their mincing attitude, their piteous expression, that indescribable anæmic and emaciated—one may almost say emasculated—air which shows in their whole nature, they are pious seminarists—they are not saints, not the violent who take the Kingdom of Heaven by force."

*Sabatier.*

**Enthusiasts for Goodness.**—A saint is an enthusiast for goodness . . . above all, one who enjoys holiness as the artist enjoys beauty. Nothing is done well, still less transmitted, without enjoyment . . . and a saint is no renouncer, ascetic, except as a means to an end. No practice of

# The Communion of Saints

goodness in him grows stale by becoming a habit. A discipline it may be, but it is touched, often burnt by a fire from heaven.

*Edith Sichel*, "New and Old."

## God's Perfect Saint.

Who mounts on eagle's wings,  
Soars to the highest things :  
Who runs and wearies not  
Wins many a prize, I wot.  
Who walks and does not faint  
Is God's most perfect saint.

**Our Chief Debt to Our Fellows.**—There is something pathetic beyond all words in men's yearning for the Divine, in the eagerness with which they recognize any trace of it in their teacher's speech and life. By a sure instinct they know the reality and its counterfeit. "Art thou Brother Francis of Assisi?" said a peasant once to the saint. "Yes." "Try then to be as good as all think thee to be, because many have great faith in thee, and therefore I admonish thee to be nothing less than people hope of thee."

Yes, truly! Here spoke the deepest heart of humanity, and so speaks it to-day. Our chief debt to our fellows is the obligation to be good, to live the highest life we know. Beneath the world's cynicism lives the consciousness that its chief treasure, its rarest product, its pearl of price is the saint's supernatural life. When humanity sees this plant growing in the wilderness, it takes heart in its journeying, knowing it is not forsaken of God.

*J. Brierley.*

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

O Friend, hope in Him while thou livest,  
Know Him while thou livest,  
For in life is thy release.

If thy bonds be not broken when thou livest,  
What hope of deliverance in death ?

It is but an empty dream that the soul must pass into union  
with Him,  
Because it hath passed from the body.

If He is found now, He is found then :  
If not, we go but to dwell in the city of Death.

If thou hast union now, thou shalt have it hereafter.  
*Kabir*, "The Weaver Mystic of Northern India."

## CHAPTER VI

### THE LAST POST

When the last post sounds,  
And the night is on the battle-field,  
Night and rest at last from all the tumult of our dreams,  
Will it not be well with us,  
    Veterns, Veterns,  
If with duty done like yours we lie beneath the stars?  
*Alfred Noyes.*

**The Great Day.**—When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries.

*Addison,*  
“Reflections in Westminster Abbey.”

**Adsum.**—At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said “Adsum !” and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called ; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

*Thackeray,* “The Newcomes.”

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

## The Choir Invisible.

O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence : live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues. . . .

May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused  
As in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

*G. Eliot.*

**Lux in Tenebris.**—When that great soul, Charles Kingsley, lay dying in one room and his wife, dangerously ill in another room, was not expected to recover, their first separation in a married life of unclouded love and confidence—she sent him a message one day, to ask if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul to tremble before the mystery of that unknown world. “Not cowardly,” was his response, “but remember it is not darkness we are going to, for God is light ; not loneliness, for Christ is with us.”

## Hope Onward.

Yet yonder the presage  
Of spirits is thrilling,  
Of masters fulfilling  
Our life with their message  
Of just men made perfect.

## The Last Post

They weave in the starland  
Of silence, as ever,  
For work, for endeavour,  
The conqueror's garland,  
And bid us "Hope onward."

*Goethe.*

**Death.**—It is a significant and suggestive fact that in early Christian art Death is hardly ever represented, and no evidence exists of the fear of it in these days. Though daily in danger of being condemned to torture and to death, fear was swallowed up in a sense of victory. The favourite symbols are the Crown and the Palm, the insignia of the martyrs who, having witnessed a good confession, entered into the joy of their Lord. It is not until about the tenth century that art, reflecting the gloom and prevailing terror which afflicted the Church, began to give to Death its grotesque forms. The skeleton figure is found in a MS. of the fourteenth century in the British Museum. The figure of a man lies upon the bed, whom Death, in the form of a grisly skeleton, probes with a spear. The soul of the man, a miniature figure like a doll, is escaping from the mouth of the dying man, while at the head stands an angel, at the foot an evil spirit with a hook waiting to capture it.

### Requiem.

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me :  
" Here he lies where he longed to be :  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill."

*R. L. Stevenson.*

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

**The Unseen.**—In Green's "Short History of the English People" it is related that in A.D. 627 the Wise Men of Northumbria met to consider whether they would adopt the new faith of Christianity which King Edwin had already accepted. The narrative continues :

"So seems the life of man, O King," burst forth an aged Ealdorman, "as a sparrow's flight through the hall when you are sitting at meat in wintertide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, and then, flying forth from the other, vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight ; but what is before it, what after it, we know not."

Two modern poets seem to have found inspiration in this incident.

The first is Browning :

I go to prove my soul !  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive : what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not : but unless God send His hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive :  
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.  
"Paracelsus."

The second is Bryant, the American poet :

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?



# The Last Post

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches my way along the pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

He who from zone to zone  
Guides through its boundless path thy certain flight,  
In the lone way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright.

“To a Waterfowl.”

(It is a strange fact that Browning wrote his poem when he was twenty-two, and Bryant when he was twenty-one.)

## Life and Death.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon: but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*W. C. Bryant, "Thanatopsis."*

**Death.**—The Egyptians called their cemeteries “the Meadows of Rest,” “the Emerald Fields” (suggesting intense and living green), “the Meadow of Peace.”

The “Garden of His Peace” is an epitaph in the Roman Catacombs.

*Cemetery* comes from Persian *summeteros* (sleeping place).

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

“ On the other side of the River was a meadow curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year round.”

*Bunyan.*

*Hades* is first mentioned in Chinese history 720 B.C., when a certain classic speaks of a duke who met his mother at the “ Yellow Fountain.” This phrase the Chinese now use for Death, i.e. the unseen world.

Not “ Good Night ” but “ Good Morning.”

Life ! we have been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :  
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;  
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear :—  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time :  
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good-morning.

*A. L. Barbould.*

## CHAPTER VII

### THE GREAT ASSIZE

**The Advent of the Judge.**—We believe that  
Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

Great God! what do I see and hear,  
The end of things created,  
The Judge of all men doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before :—  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

Great Judge : to Thee our prayers we pour,  
In deep abasement bending :  
Oh, shield us through that last dread hour,  
Thy wondrous love extending !  
May we, in this our trial day,  
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,  
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

*Luther.*

**Righteous Judgments.**—In Egypt before the  
rites of burial were accorded the mummy was  
judged by forty-two priestly judges. Anyone  
might bring accusations against him, and if proved  
correct the corpse was denied burial. If, however,  
cleared from all charges and “justified” it was

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

conveyed across the holy lake, or "lake of peace," in the sacred boat, and taken to its last resting-place in the "Land of the Shrouded," the mourners chanting this versicle :

In peace, in peace to the west :  
Oh, praiseworthy one, go in peace.  
If it please God when the eternal Day cometh,  
We shall see thee again.

This trial on earth was a foreshadowing of the solemn scene which they believed would take place in the under-world, when on the "Day of Account of Words," in the Hall of Mât, there would sit forty-two spirit-jurors, each the avenger of a special form of sin. They condemned not only evil-speaking and lying, but exaggeration, chattering and idle words.

Mât—a female goddess—was the term used to denote all ethical teaching, the unerring order and righteousness which govern the universe, whether in its physical or moral aspect. The word originally means a measuring time, hence straight, clear as crystal, "true blue."

"The Temples of the Orient," p. 302.

**Spiritual Progression.**—The belief in the soul's progression through the starry spheres from galaxy to galaxy, from universe to universe, from Darkness into Light, from Grace to Grace, from Strength to Strength, from Glory to Glory, is a familiar one in Indian religions, and it is specially noteworthy that the most spiritual and intellectual of the early Church fathers (Origen of Alexandria, whose life was a perpetual prayer) also taught of an "infinite stairway of worlds, on which souls ascend

## The Great Assize

and descend until they reach their final union with God." ("The Temples of the Orient," p. 196).

The same belief forms the basis and framework of Dante's great conception. "From stage to stage," he says, "we upward mount." He tells us that he was uplifted—

Through hell's unrest . . . the world of endless misery,  
And o'er the mountain with its summit bright  
Up the Holy Stairway's steps,

through the seven circles of Purgatory, and through the seven-sphered ether, and "afterwards through Heaven from Light to Light" to the very throne of God.

### The Pursuing Past.

98      The deeds we do, the words we say—  
            Into still air they seem to fleet,  
            We count them ever past,  
            But they shall last,  
In the dread Judgment they  
            And we shall meet.

✓      *Keble.*

**The Great Assize.**—There is no human being on whose future misery I would venture to decide, because there is no human being, the strength of whose difficulties, whose proportional employment of the various means of improvement given him, whose entire state of heart, I know. As a preacher, as an expounder of Scripture, I would hold out no hope where Scripture does not give positive grounds for it, the hope would only be used by the careless, and by them abused; but as a man I may hope

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

that there are means for the extension of mercy to thousands whose case to our limited view would seem desperate.

*Pusey.*

**The Last Judgment.**—Representations of the Last Judgment did not enter to any degree into Art until the tenth century, when they occupied the western or entrance wall of churches, and were used as a contrast with the glory of Paradise which was displayed over the altar. To quote the words of Quintillian, which were constantly reiterated by mediæval writers, "Pictures are the books of those who cannot read," and the placing of the Last Judgment over the entrance wall of the churches was meant as a salutary lesson to the worshipper, and as a terror to the evil-doer. As time went on, and the minds of men took a gloomier view, more and more attention was given to this subject until it attained a realism of the most terrifying nature. To the Last Judgment was added the separation which followed of the just and the unjust, and while men attempted to display the beatific joys of the Blessed as they entered Paradise, they revelled far more in horrifying displays of the Inferno into which the damned were thrust with relentless vigour and ill-concealed glee by the demons who claimed them as their prey.

The most impressive treatment of the subject of the Last Judgment is the fresco in the Campo Santo at Pisa which dates from the fourteenth century, and which is marked by a noble reticence ; but the subject gave too much scope to the lower passions to continue to be thus treated, and in the representation of the theme by later artists we see

## The Great Assize

how the mediæval mind revelled in gloomy tortures and in all the exercise of the Satanic hierarchy.

This delight in the grotesque and terrible is especially found in German art, with the popular Dances of Death.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE ISLES OF THE BLEST

#### Time's Winged Chariot.

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot drawing near :  
And yonder before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.

*Andrew Marvell.*

#### Eternity.

I saw eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm as it was bright.

*Henry Vaughan.*

In two widely different regions, builders for separate centuries have sought to express in architecture the idea of eternity. First in Egypt by huge masses of stone, as in the pyramids and in the stupendous Temples of the Gods. These builders of antiquity sought to rear edifices which themselves would defy the ravaging fingers of Time, and which would express to the human mind the enduring and the eternal. The second were those who in Western Europe introduced that style of architecture which we call Gothic. But while the Egyptians sought to convey the idea of eternity through huge masses of stone, these modern builders sought to express it by lofty vaults and

## The Isles of the Blest

pillars and arches of aspiring grace, so that the mind is lifted away from earth to the things that are above. The first was of the earth, the second of the things above the earth.

**The Longing for Reunion.**—"It is not arguments that convince one of the necessity of a future life," said Prince Andri to Pierre, "but the fact that one has been going through life in fond companionship with another, and suddenly that dear one vanishes *there, into the nowhere*; and you yourself are left on the brink of the chasm looking down into it. And I have looked."

"Well, and what then? You have known a *There*, and a *Someone*. The *There* is the future life, the *Someone* is God."

Prince Andri did not reply. The carriage and horses had long been led out on to the further bank, and were already harnessed, the sun was half sunken beneath the horizon, and the evening frost was beginning to encrust the little pools on the shore with starry crystals, while Pierre and Andri, to the astonishment of the servants, coachmen, and ferrymen, still stood in the boat talking.

"If God and the future life exist, then truth and virtue exist, and man's highest happiness consists in striving for their attainment. One must live," said Pierre, "one must love, one must believe that we live not only on this patch of earth, but that we have lived and shall live eternally there in the universe." He pointed to the sky.

Prince Andri stood leaning on the rail of the ferry-boat and listening to Pierre. He never moved his eyes, but gazed at the red reflection of the sun in the dark-blue flood. Pierre ceased speaking.

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

All was silent. The ferry-boat lay drifting along the bank, and only the ripples of the current could be heard lapping feebly against its sides. Prince Andri fancied that this patter of the water babbled a refrain to Pierre's words—"That is sooth, accept it ; that is sooth, accept it."

*Tolstoi.*

This longing for reunion has been tenderly expressed in a poem by Lockhart, which exerted a profound influence upon Carlyle, and which he often quoted at the end of his life.

It is an old belief  
That on some solemn shore,  
Beyond the sphere of grief  
Dear friends shall meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of Time  
And Sin and Fate's control,  
Serene in changeless prime  
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,  
That hope I'll ne'er forego ;  
Eternal be the sleep  
If not to waken so.

Consider also the words of a letter written by John Stuart Mill at the end of his life :

"I have never so much wished for another life as I do for the sake of meeting you in it. The chief reason for desiring it has always seemed to me to be that the curtain may not drop altogether on those one loves and honours. Every analogy which favours the idea of a future life leads one to expect that if such a life there be, death will no further change our character than as it is liable to

## The Isles of the Blest

be changed by any other important event in our existence—and I feel most acutely what it would be to have a firm faith that the world to which one is in progress was enriching itself with those by the loss of whom this world is impoverished.”

**The Isles of the Blest.**—In a certain lake in Munster it is said there were two islands : into the first death could never enter, but age and sickness, and the weariness of life, and the paroxysms of a fearful suffering were all known there, and they did their work until the inhabitants, tired of their immortality, learned to look upon the opposite island as a haven of repose ; they launched their barques upon the gloomy waters, they touched its shore, and were at rest.

*Lecky,*

“ History of European Morals,” vol. i. 203.

**Day of Death.**—In Egyptian mythology the day of death is called the “moment of Initiation into celestial life,” and the tomb is the “Birthplace.” The mummy case had the face of the deceased depicted upon it with the eyes *wide open*, indicative of life.

Seneca spoke of the day of death as “the Birthday of Immortality.”

The end of death is—Birth. *Bhagavad-Gîtâ.*

What comes after death ? Life ! *Socrates.*

**Heavenly Mansions.**—A woman of great wealth, but possessing a worldly mind, dreamed one night that she had passed from earth to heaven.

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

She found that heaven was indeed a place with many mansions and wondered which would be hers. Presently she met an angel who offered to guide her through the golden streets to her new abode.

As they went along she noticed many noble dwellings, but was surprised to see small houses here and there, beautiful in design, but insignificant in comparison with the more splendid mansions.

Stopping opposite an imposing and particularly beautiful house, the woman asked, "Whose house is this?" "This is the house of your gardener," came the angel's answer. "But he will not want so large a house as that," said the woman, "he lived in quite a small cottage on earth."

The angel made no reply, and the two went on until they came to a very small house, which the woman learned, to her amazement, was hers. Deeply disappointed, she protested. "But I could not possibly live in that tiny dwelling."

"No other can be yours," the angel replied sadly. "If it be small the fault is yours : remember that the Master Builder can only build with the materials sent up to Him."

*Bertram Pratt.*

( **Getting to Heaven.**—Ever since this world has been sent a-spinning we have been preaching and lecturing, and crusading and pamphleteering, and burning and advising each other into the way to go to Heaven. And we are still hard at it, and we are still rushing about as confused and bewildered as ever, and nobody knows who is right, but we are all convinced that everybody else is wrong !

"This way, that way, not the other way," we cry. . . .

## The Isles of the Blest

In one age by sword and fire, and other kinds of eloquent appeal, we drive men up to Heaven through one gate, and in the next generation we furiously chase them away from that selfsame gate : for we have discovered that it is a wrong gate, and leads, in fact, to perdition, and we hurry them off by another route entirely.

So, like chickens in a dusty highway, we scuttle round and round, and spin about and cry, and none of us knows the way home.

It is sincerely to be hoped that we do all get to this Heaven one day, wherever it may be. We make hullabaloo enough about it, and struggle hard enough to squeeze in. We do not know very much what it is like. Some fancy it is an exhibition of gold and jewels ; and others that it is a sort of everlasting musical " At Home." But we are all agreed that it is a land where we shall live well and not do any work, and we are going to have everything our own way and be very happy ; and the people we don't like will not be allowed in.

Perhaps there are others to whom Heaven only means a wider sphere of thought and action, a clearer vision, a nobler life nearer to God, and these walking through the darkness of this world " stretch lame hands of faith and grope " trying to find the light.

*Jerome K. Jerome,*  
" The Diary of a Pilgrimage."

Heaven.—When you have come down to the other side of the water, and set down your foot on the shore of glorious Eternity, and look back to the water and your wearisome journey, and see in that clear glass of endless glory nearer to the bottom of

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

God's wisdom, you shall then be forced to say, "If God had done otherwise with me than He hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this Crown."

*Rutherford.*

**Immortality.**—The next day I went again to Farringford. I found Tennyson walking up and down the ballroom. I walked up and down with him for three-quarters of an hour. After talking of various matters he came back to the subject of immortality. "It is hard," he said, "to believe in God, but it is harder not to believe in Him. I don't believe in His goodness from what I see in Nature. In Nature I see the mechanism. I believe in His goodness from what I find in my own breast. . . . After all," he said, "the greatest thing is faith." Then he recited the following lines :

Doubt no longer that the highest is the wisest and the best,  
Let not all that saddens nature blight thy hope or break thy rest.  
Quail not at the fiery mountain, or the shipwreck, or the rolling  
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest,  
Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire.  
Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is  
higher.

Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man will make  
the Maker

Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire.

Among the peoples of the ancient world none held the doctrine of Immortality with such intense conviction as did the Egyptians. The whole of life, it has been said, was to them a preparation for death, and death to them was but the gate of nobler life. "The doctrine of Eternal Life and of the



## The Isles of the Blest

Resurrection of a glorified or transformed body, based upon the ancient story of the resurrection of Osiris after a cruel death and horrible mutilation inflicted by the powers of evil, was the same in all periods," says Dr. Budge. It is strangely significant that their Bible was called the "Book of the Dead." Renouf says that "the Beatification of the Dead is the chief thought of every chapter in the 'Book of the Dead.' The mummy case was called the 'Chest of the Living.' In place of the heart a scarab—emblem of a Resurrection and Evolution—was inserted in token that it should beat again, because the scarab's larva just before becoming a pupa buries itself in the earth, whence it emerges a perfect insect. An ankh-cross, the Key of Life which opens heaven, was placed upon the breast. At sunset while the mummy was ferried across the "Lake of Peace" in the sacred boat to its last resting-place in the "Land of the Shrouded" the mourners chanted this versicle :

In peace, in peace to the West :  
Oh, praiseworthy one, go in peace.  
If it please God when the Day cometh,  
We shall see thee again.

Their cemeteries were to them sleeping places, "Meadows of Rest," from which they would arise restored.

"Temples of the Orient," p. 69.

The passion of the human world for life finds an expression in the greatest building the human mind has conceived, or the human hand executed. Five thousand years ago Khufu, whom we know as Cheops, built the great pyramid. "To say that

## Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

it was originally 480 feet high, that it measures 755 feet on each side, that it covers thirteen acres of ground, and weighs six million tons—all this means nothing to us. We may realize the scale of Khufu's work better from the fact that a town of the size of Aberdeen might be built out of its stones. Many of the great blocks weigh forty to fifty tons apiece, and in the careful casing work these huge masses are so exquisitely jointed that the joints can scarcely be detected, and have to be blackened with charcoal if it is wished to indicate them in a photograph."

And now with what object was this great building reared? It was reared by one who believed implicitly in a life eternal, and who passionately desired to possess it. According to the Egyptian belief the immortality of the soul depended upon the preservation of the body. So Khufu built this enormous pile, and commanded his body to be placed at death in its innermost chamber that it might defy the hand of the destroyer, and remain there for ever only visited at need by his wandering soul. Alas! his precautions were vain. Long centuries ago, how long no one can tell, robbers broke through all the solid blocks of stone that barred the passages, rifled the chambers of all their treasures, and scattered the dust of the world's greatest builder to the four winds of heaven. So the great pyramid may be taken as a symbol of a vain and empty dream, and as a mockery of human hopes. And yet not so. A deeper vision sees in it the craving of the human heart for life, the hunger for immortality, the witness of the human soul of a belief that death does not end all, and that the few short years that man lives here are

## The Isles of the Blest

not for him the measure of existence, but leave him craving to live on in greater fulness of life and being.

J. Baikie,  
“Lands and People of the Bible.”

Here is a dialogue between a pious Egyptian and his soul :

“ I say to myself every day : ‘ As is the *convalescence* of a sick person who goes to Court after his affliction, such is death. . . . As a seat under the protection of an outstretched curtain on that day—such is death. . . . As the inhaling of a garden of flowers, as a seat upon the mountain of the land of intoxication—such is death.’ ”

Berlin Papyrus.

In mediæval art the peacock is frequently introduced into pictures to signify immortality. This arose from the belief that its flesh was incorruptible. Angels are thus frequently represented with peacock’s feathers in their wings. It is probable, also, that the description of the four beasts in Rev. iv. 8, which had six wings about them and were “ full of eyes within ” suggested to artists the use of peacock’s feathers as a symbol of angelic life.

**Communion of Saints.**—“ The dead, free from all care and sorrow, are happy in the society of blessed spirits. Thou art mistaken : to thy brother the light hath not set : a more trustworthy thing became his portion ; he has not left us, he has gone before ! Death is only a passage to a

# Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers

better day. A great and eternal peace receives him. How will Divine light seem to thee when thou seest it in its own place ! There friends shall meet, and the departed teach us heavenly things."

*Seneca.*

## Vita et Moro.

We know not yet what life shall be,  
What shore beyond earth's shore be set :  
What grief awaits us, or what glee,  
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,  
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea  
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we  
Were loved and true—but will death let  
Our eyes the longed-for vision see ?  
We know not yet.

*Samuel Waddington.*

**Consolation.**—On the death of the eldest son of the author of the "Agnostic Island" Gladstone wrote as follows to the father :

"At this moment of bleeding hearts I will only say what I hope you will, in consideration of the motives, take without offence, namely this : I would from the bottom of my heart that whenever the hour of bereavement shall befall you, or those whom you love, you and they may enjoy the immeasurable consolation of believing with all the mind, and all the heart, that the beloved one is gone to eternal rest, and that those who remain behind may, through the same Mighty Deliverer hope, at their appointed time, to rejoin him."

# The Isles of the Blest

## Beautiful Evermore.

We find in our dull road their shining track :  
In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow.—  
Part of our life's unalterable good,  
Of all our saintlier aspiration :

They come transfigured back  
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful evermore !—and with the rays  
Of morn on their white shields of Expectation !

*Lowell.*

When Aurora granted immortality to Tithonus  
he forgot to ask for youth and vigour :

Let me go, take back the gift :  
Why should a man desire in any way  
To vary from the kindly race of man ? . . .  
Of happy men that have the power to die.



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